September 1977
$1.50

# HEAVY METAL™

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

Distributed by
HM Communications,
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ASSOCIES

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ON A&M RECORD & TAPES

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# CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM* Publisher:

Thanks for responding to my request for *Heavy Metal* #1. This makes my collection complete (so far), and generates good feelings in me toward your fine magazine. *HM* gets better and better. Perhaps one day I might submit a piece of my own for consideration.

S. Garner
Elk, Ca.

*Dear S: What's second prize, two pieces?–Eds.*

Dear *HM*:

I read your magazine with great interest .... At times, the magazine was difficult to read. Some boxes did not flow, i.e., pertaining to action. Some artwork could be more intricate. The boxes could be smaller to allow more action . . .

S. Gredler
Boston, Mass.

*You got us there, S.–Eds.*

Dear *Hevvy Medel* peepul:

Ids sumtymz hard do unnerzdand the pannelz of "1996." Thay ar offen confyoozing and irrelivant. Wen and how iz id going do maig senz? And hoo the ell iz dat "Ringa," anywaiz? Wun uv the Beetelz, I preezoom?

A Confyoozed Reeder
Northwest Quadrant
Tacoma

*Grade, juz grade!–Eds.*

Dear *HM* editors:

What's the story with this Metaxa? Is that for real, or some kind of *Heavy Metal* art? The ad looks like one of your stories. Are you for real? Is it? Or what?

D. Ryan
Montreal, Canada

*Yes, D., there is a Metaxa—drink, ad, and poster. But* Heavy Metal *is not for real. Are you?–Eds.*


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Heavy Metal Vol. I, No. 6 September 1977

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# ...ALSO...

Disregard vicious libels *Heavy Metal* advance PR for *Star Wars*. Investigate possibility *Star Wars* advance PR for *Heavy Metal*. Inside *HM* #6 (Sept.) is something called "Orcyb," Chapter 3 of book *Psychorock*, to be published this month by *HM*. Dreamed up & limned by one Macedo, subject of fanatic following in Europe, where it is assumed he is telling the truth about some extradimensional future place, Alpha Centauri maybe, or Detroit. Possibilities reduce to pair: either Macedo knows something, or he doesn't. Read story, get hold of book, report back to our orbiting tea tray ASAP.

Readers finding deep interpersonal significance in latest Moebius yarn, "Major Fatal," urged to communicate with each other via ESP or traditional tin cans on string. Moebius *Arzak* book also to be issued by *HM*. Poss. conspiracy? Connection with legislative fillibusters, incidence of double-yolked eggs in Midwest, Dutch rape scandal, Seaver trade?

& what happened to Akbar & Insp. Fuzz? MIA without trace. Cryptic note left: "Gone back to collage." Look into this. Efforts to repeal second law of thermodynamics highly suspect. Who behind? Why? Etc.

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## Collector's Items

**HM #1/APRIL, 1977:** With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($3.00)

**HM #2/MAY, 1977:** Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet; Virso, the cosmic maiden; Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival; while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($2.00)

**HM #3/JUNE, 1977:** Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard; with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($2.00)

**HM #4/JULY, 1977:** Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow; with the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($2.00)

**HM #5/AUGUST, 1977:** In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence. ($2.00)

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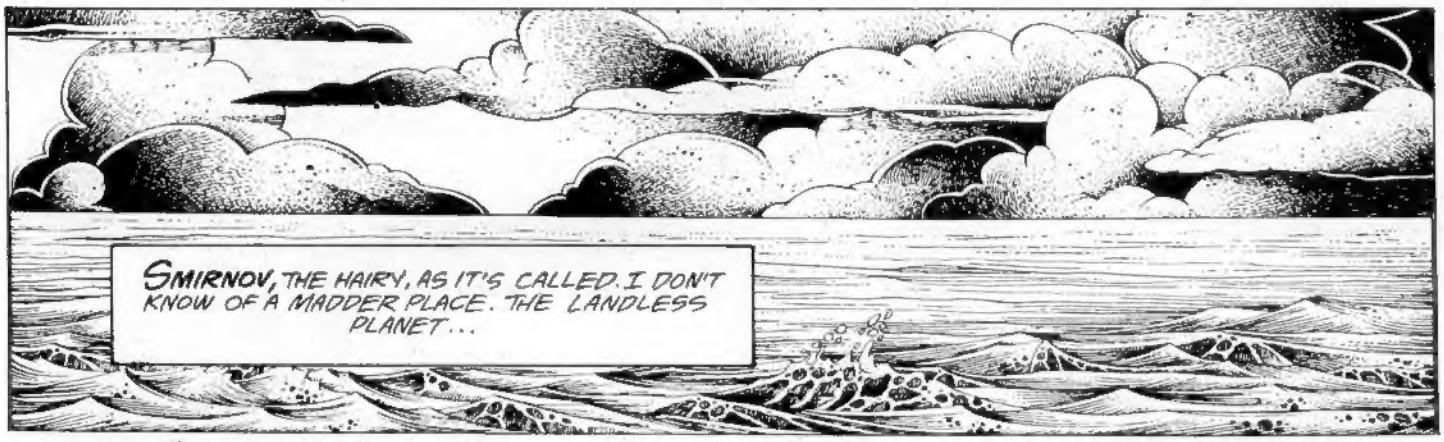
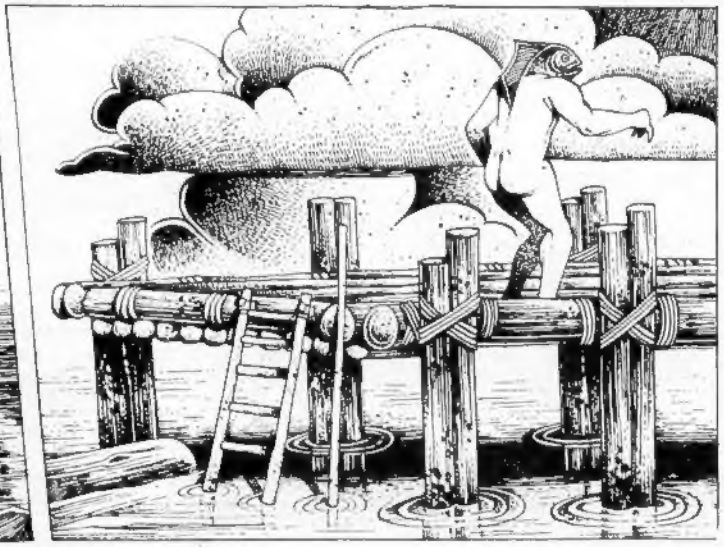
# The Last Vodka on Smirnov

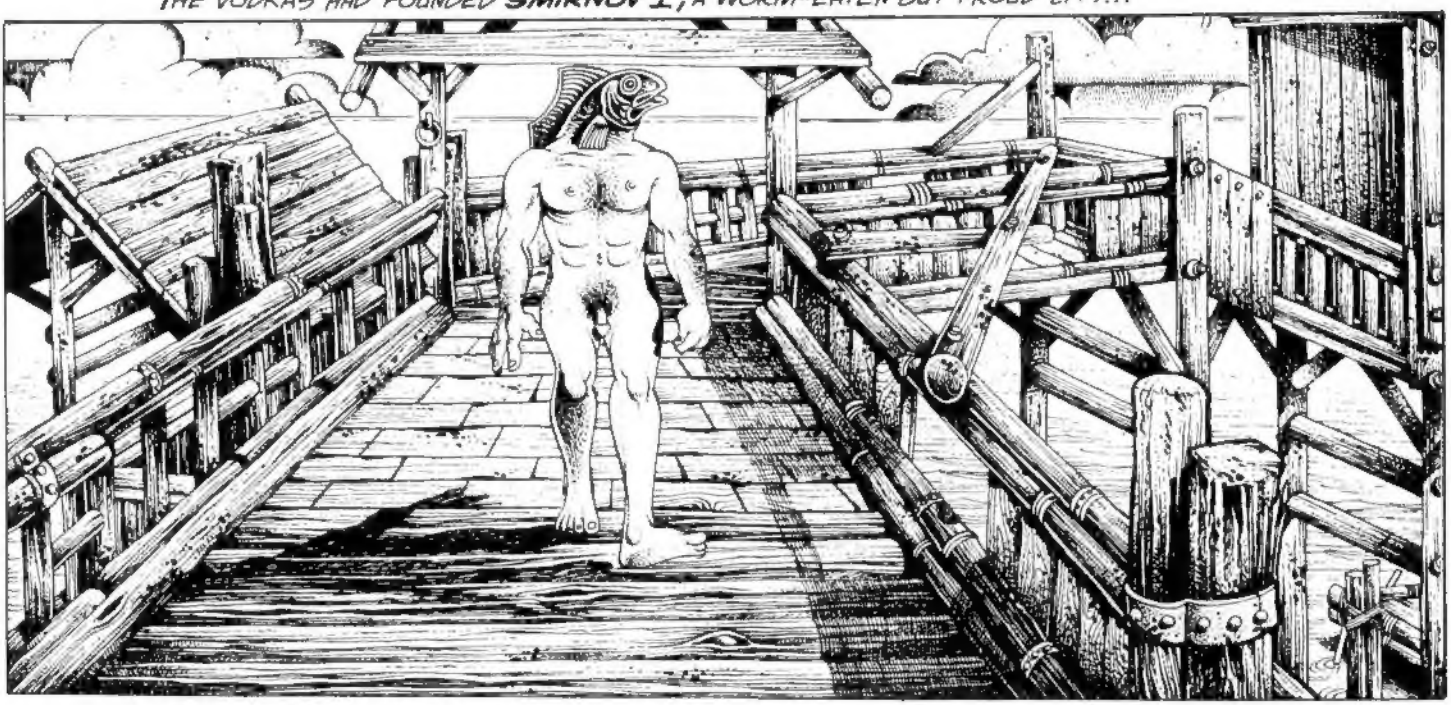
Lesueur/Script by "Brother" Alain



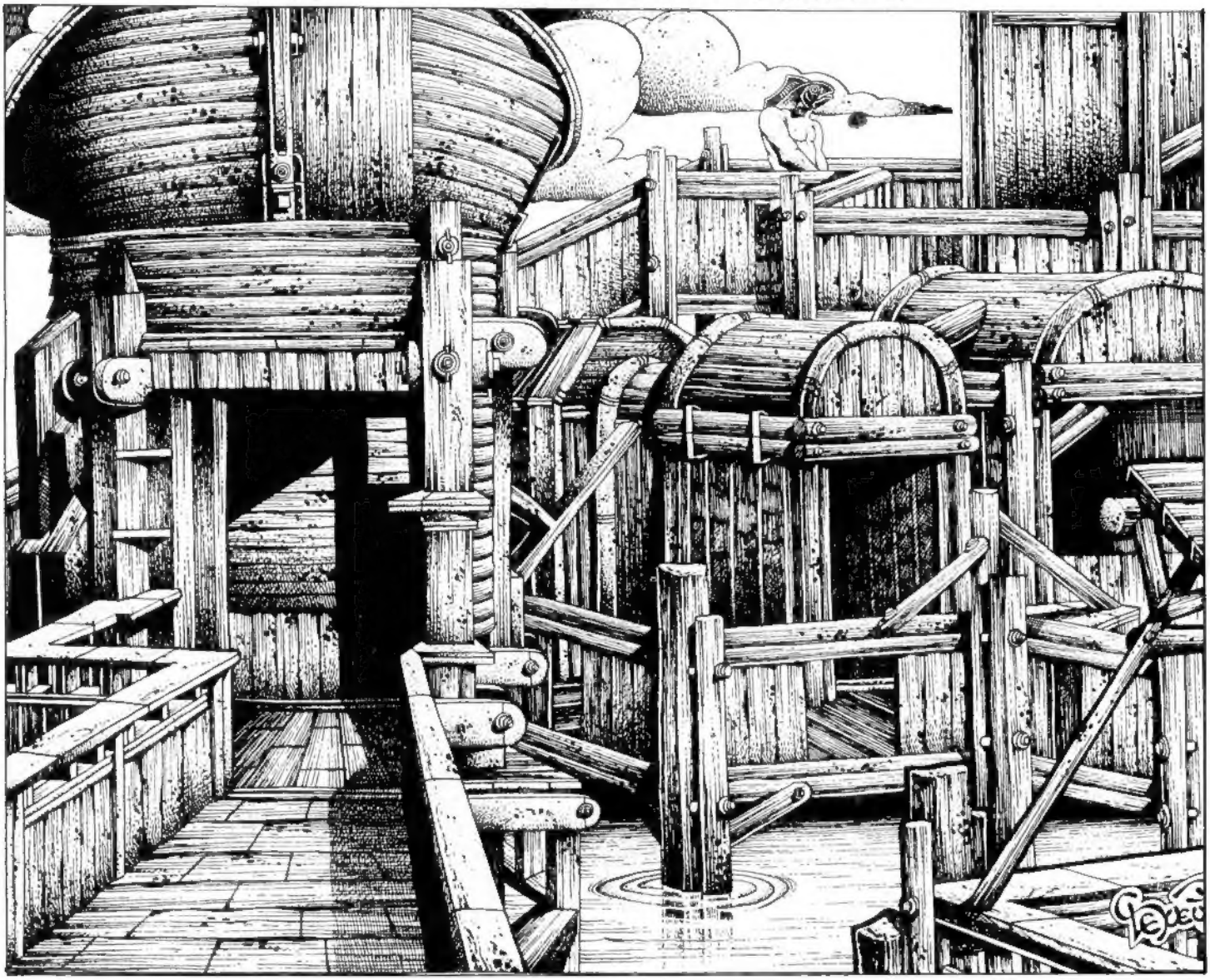

AND ON SMIRNOV WAS THE LAST **VODKA**, POOR REMNANT OF A ONCE PROSPEROUS RACE.



THE VODKAS HAD FOUNDED **SMIRNOV I**, A WORM-EATEN BUT PROUD CITY...

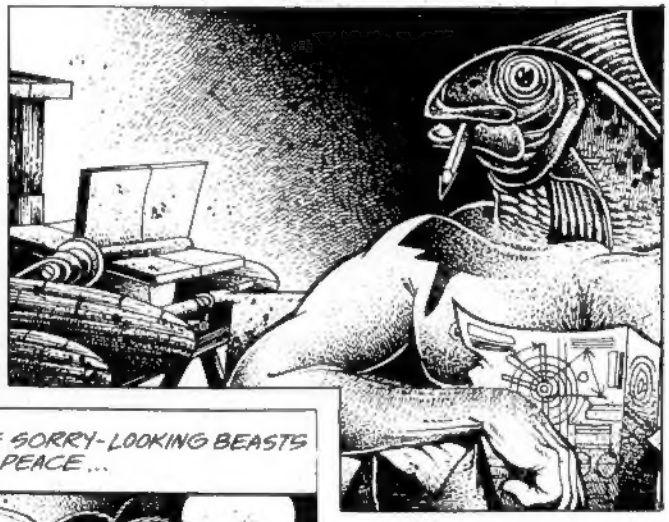


WHY HAD THEY NEVER ABANDONED IT? THAT'S THE MYSTERY...



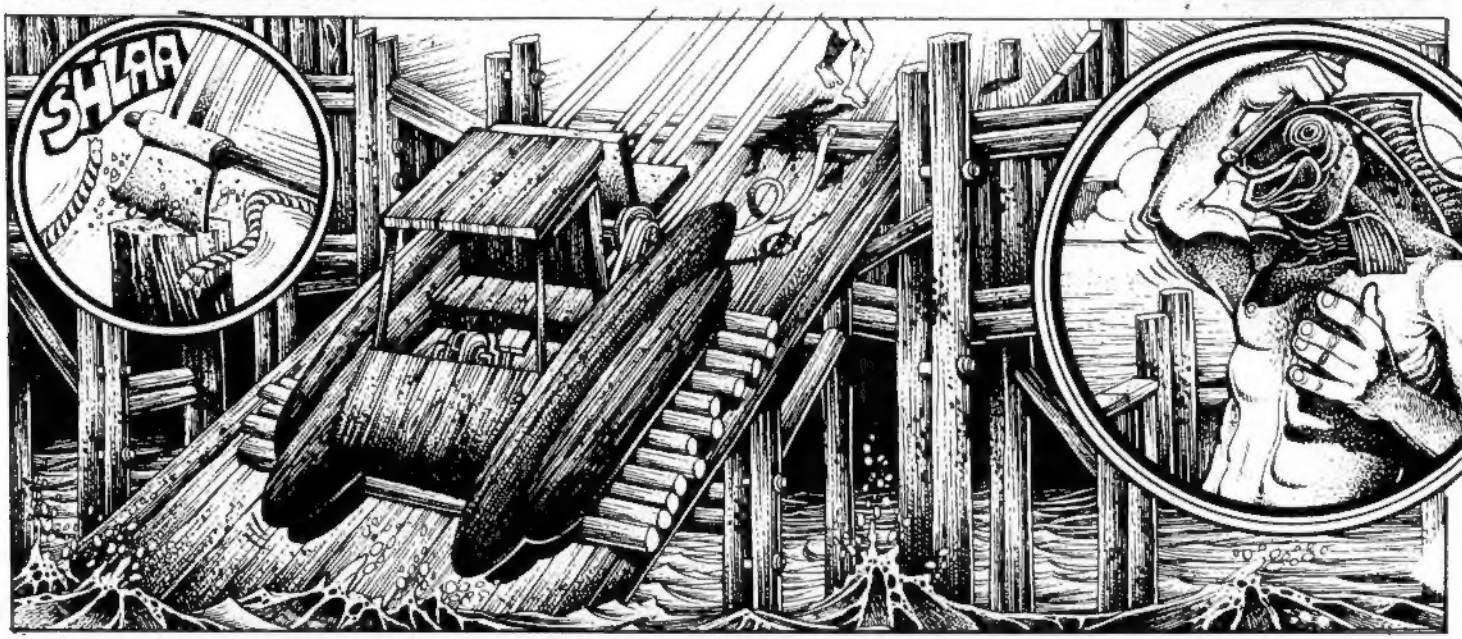
AND OUR **GENIUS**, FOR THAT HE IS, AS SHALL SOON BE PROVEN TO US, DEVOTED HIMSELF COMPLETELY TO HIS **TASK**.

WHICH WAS MORE THAN A TASK: AN **OBSESSION**, WHICH POSSESSED HIM BODY AND SOUL.



AND FOR A TIME, THE SORRY-LOOKING BEASTS LEFT HIM IN PEACE...

UNTIL ONE DAY:



MAIS...
FLAP FLAP
TOO LATE! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE COME UP WITH HIS INVENTION SOONER? WHEN I SAW WHAT HAPPENED, IT MADE ME SICK.!!
AND THAT WAS THAT. A PAGE WAS TURNED. ONE SPECIES WAS EXTINCT. A FITTER BREED TRIUMPHED:
AAAA
THE BIRDMEN!
DES: Moebius SC: ALAIN.
Jim

DEN
So you are the famous Den of Earth. If you are really as fierce as they say, you will serve me well.
What? Now wait a minute, Ard. You presume too much.
First, a test! Guards, CASTRATE the freak!
You fiend!

YAUGH!
He, he, he, he, he!
KRAK!
TNUD
KA-THAK!
Just fair, Den Why didn't you shoot them?
Shoot these puppets? It is you—
BLAM!
BLAM!
—who deserves to die!
HA, HA, HA! I'm glad you did that. Now you understand from the start that you can't harm me.

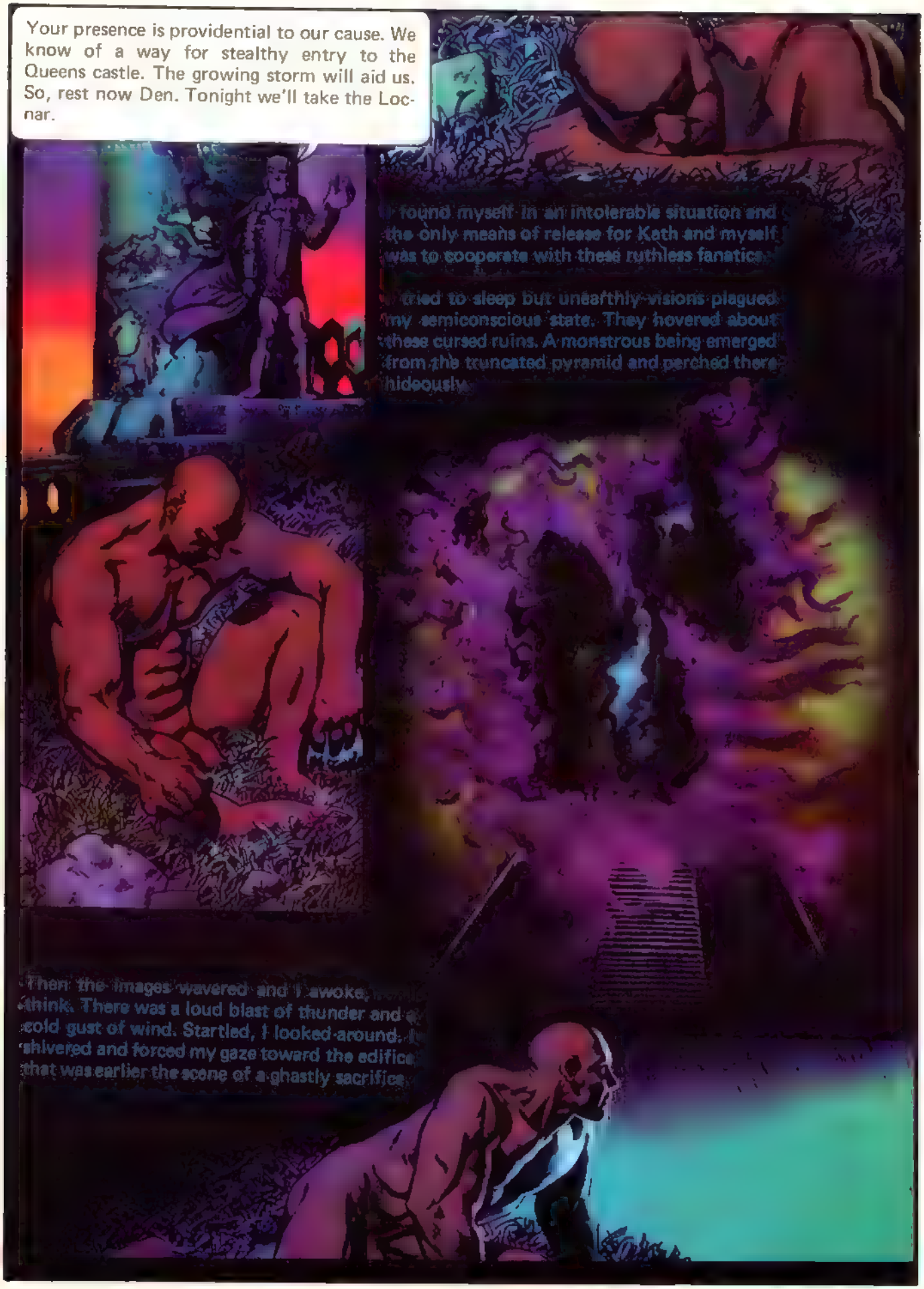
It's too late to take your woman and run. I have already put her away for safekeeping.
If you ever wish to see her again, if you wish to see another day, you will serve me.

Come now Den, it will be for just a while, then you'll be free again, and RICH! Do you agree?
Very well Ard. You are most convincing.

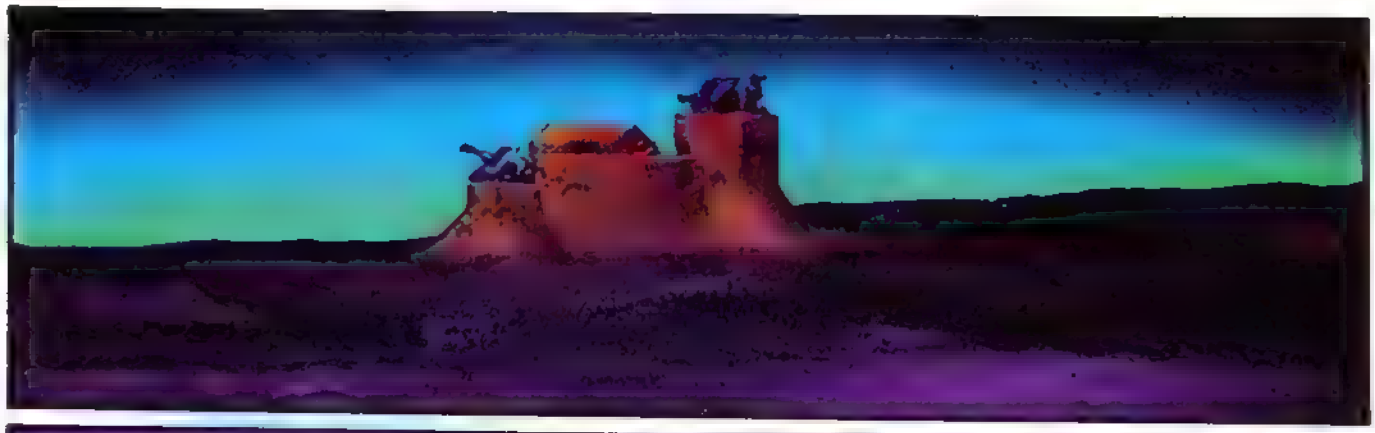
UNH!
SNAK

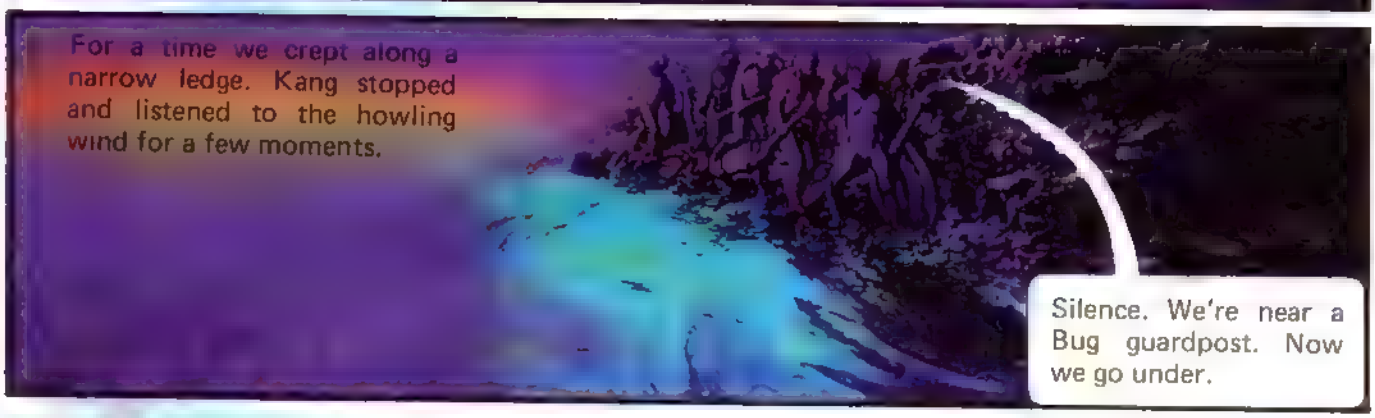
Don't be alarmed. It is just a formality.

Welcome to the brotherhood of the Ascending Fire. Pressure is strong here, but there are rewards too. I will tend to your wound.


Your presence is providential to our cause. We know of a way for stealthy entry to the Queens castle. The growing storm will aid us. So, rest now Den. Tonight we'll take the Locnar.
found myself in an intolerable situation and the only means of release for Kath and myself was to cooperate with these ruthless fanatics.
tried to sleep but unearthly visions plagued my semiconscious state. They hovered about these cursed ruins. A monstrous being emerged from the truncated pyramid and perched there hideously.
Then the images wavered and I awoke, think. There was a loud blast of thunder and a cold gust of wind. Startled, I looked around. shivered and forced my gaze toward the edifice that was earlier the scene of a ghastly sacrifice.

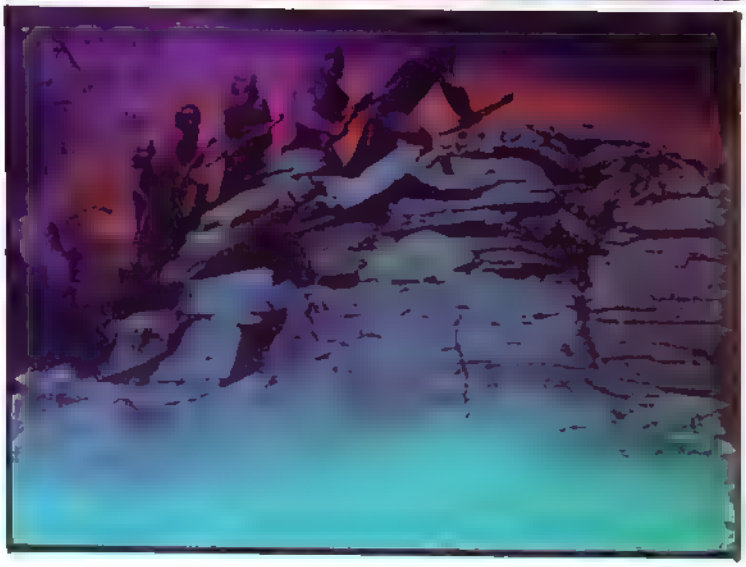
A flash of lightning revealed no giant creature, but a tiny figure dancing maniacly around the pool.
I felt an indescribable loathing for the little dancer, the vast decayed setting, even this entire distorted universe. I turned away, trembling.
Then I thought of Kath. I calmed down and a warmth flooded over me. I loved her. I would endure all for her.
Get up! We go now.
The flying mounts could not brave these withering winds. Kang, six warriors and I marched for more than an hour, then three parted and proceeded in a different direction. We continued, soon reaching the bank of a dark river.




For a time we crept along a narrow ledge. Kang stopped and listened to the howling wind for a few moments.
Silence. We're near a Bug guardpost. Now we go under.

We submerged and squeezed through a heavy metal grating. Moving in this liquid brought unwelcome memories of the sacrificial pool.

We resurfaced in an underground chamber and were soon marching again. While the storm raged above, all was silent here.



The passageway seemed endless. It descended below the water level.
We're walking beneath the castle moat.
At last we came to stairs leading out of that foul pit.
What a stench!
Quiet. I fear some beast prowls these catacombs.

GROWF
SNAK!
BAM!
This way!
Poor fellow!
Lucky fellow!
GRRRR
to be continued.

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# 1996

CLIC

WUDJA YUZIN?
ME? GODDA ESSARTEE HUNRED MINALDA WIDA MODOR-DRIVE ANA SHUDDER SBEEDA SEVENFIVDY ADEFF WUN!

AN YU?
OH, MINZ JUSDA JARJOB EFF AUDOMADIC ANA LENZ EFFTUSEVEN BUD IDZ TRIFILY LIDDLE FIR A THIRDY-FIVE!

UHHU! SO YOU LYGID AWRIDE?
CLL..

UHUH! DRATHER HAVA SPODELBLAD TU WIDA STROBE ANA INFRARED ADABDER!

to be human to be subject to chemically-origin-ated pollution.
TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.
CLIC!
CLIC!
CLIC!

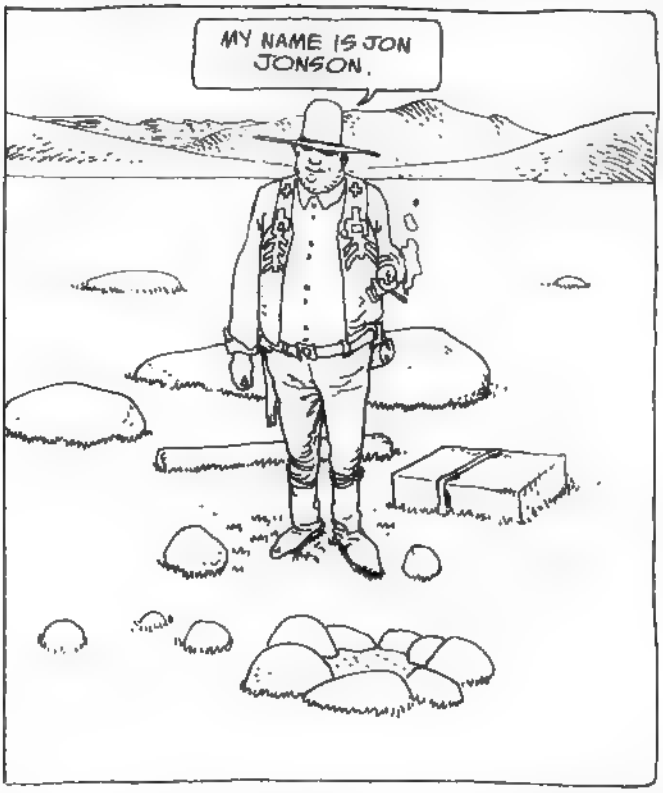
WATCH OUT! GRUBERT IS WATCHING YOU!

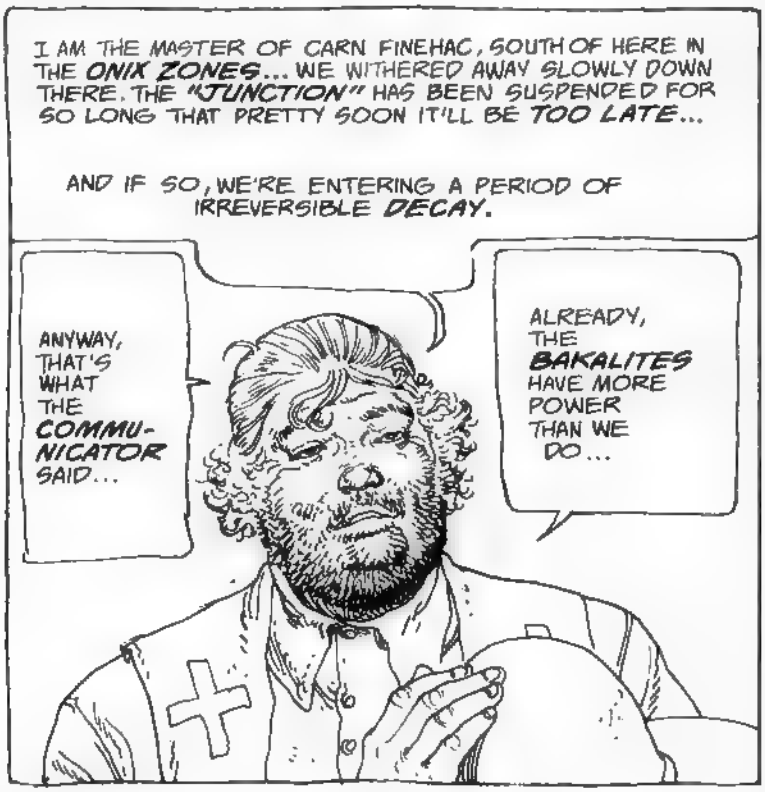
A SWEET STORY BY MOEBIUS

# MAJOR FATAL

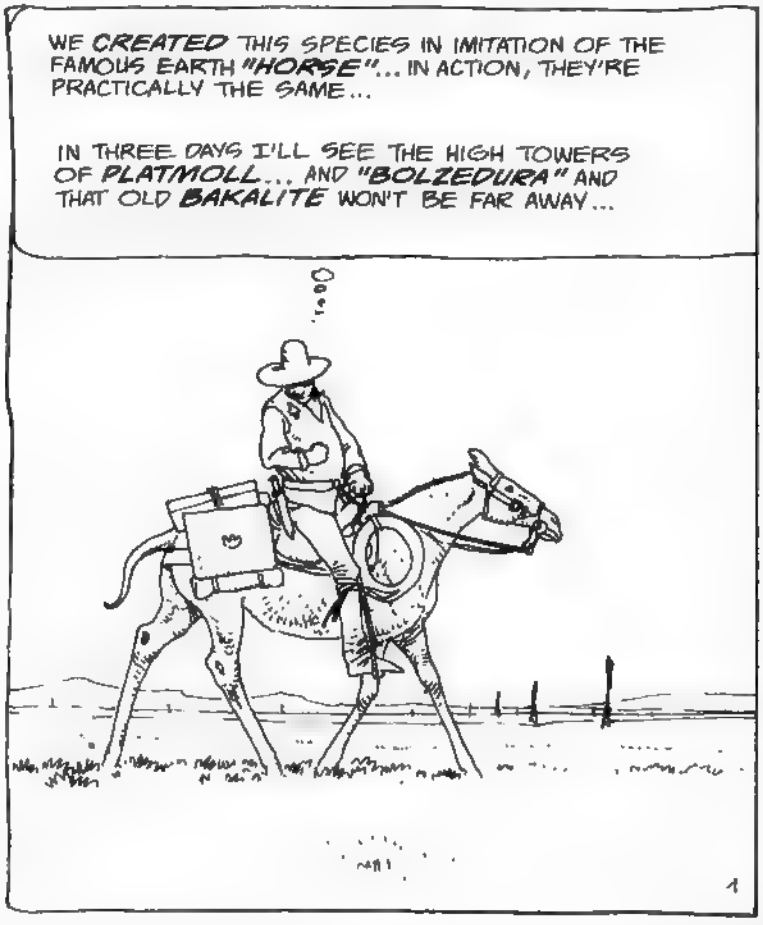
RESUMÉ.

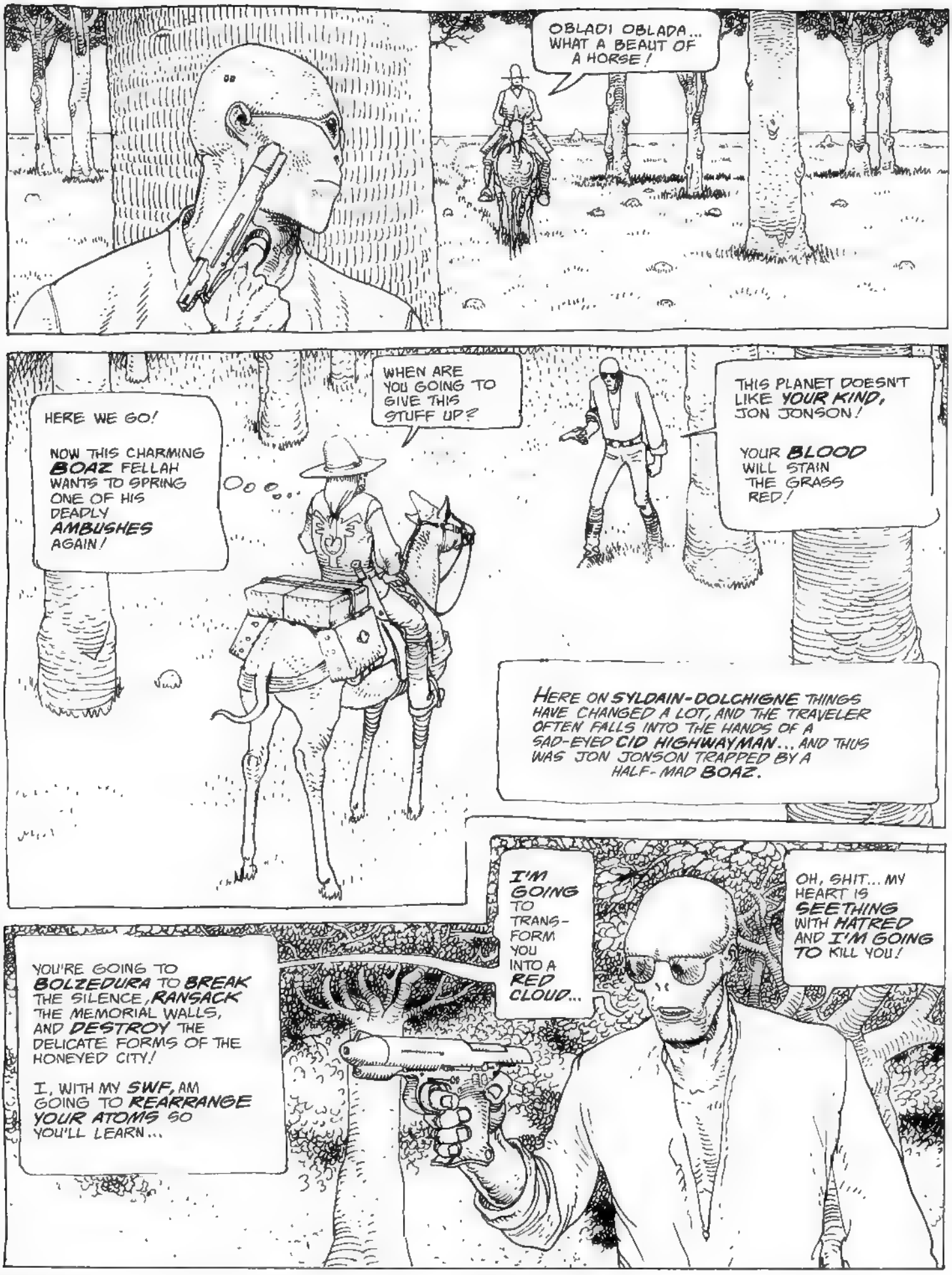
THERE WAS NO NEWS OF THE MAJOR.

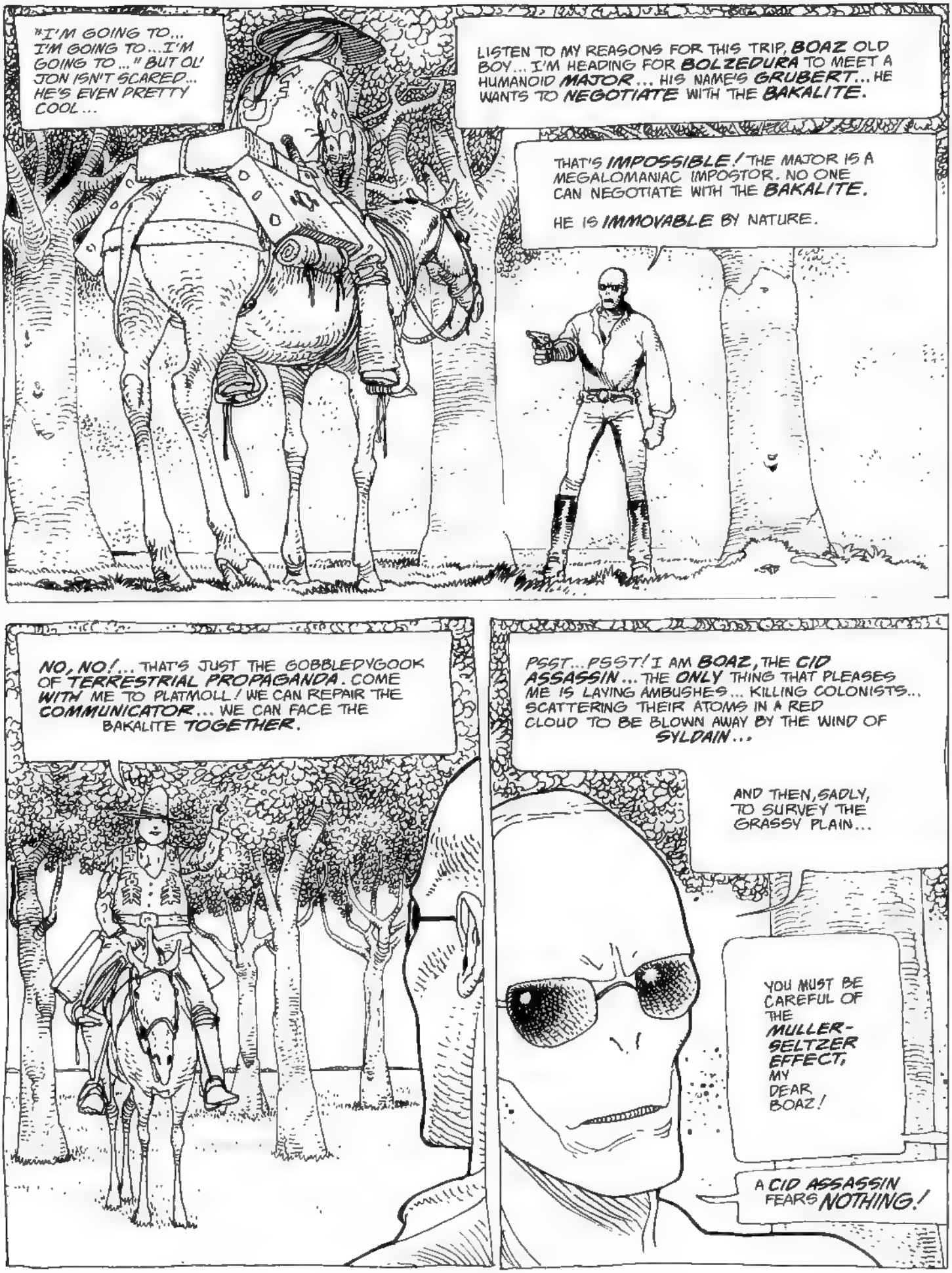


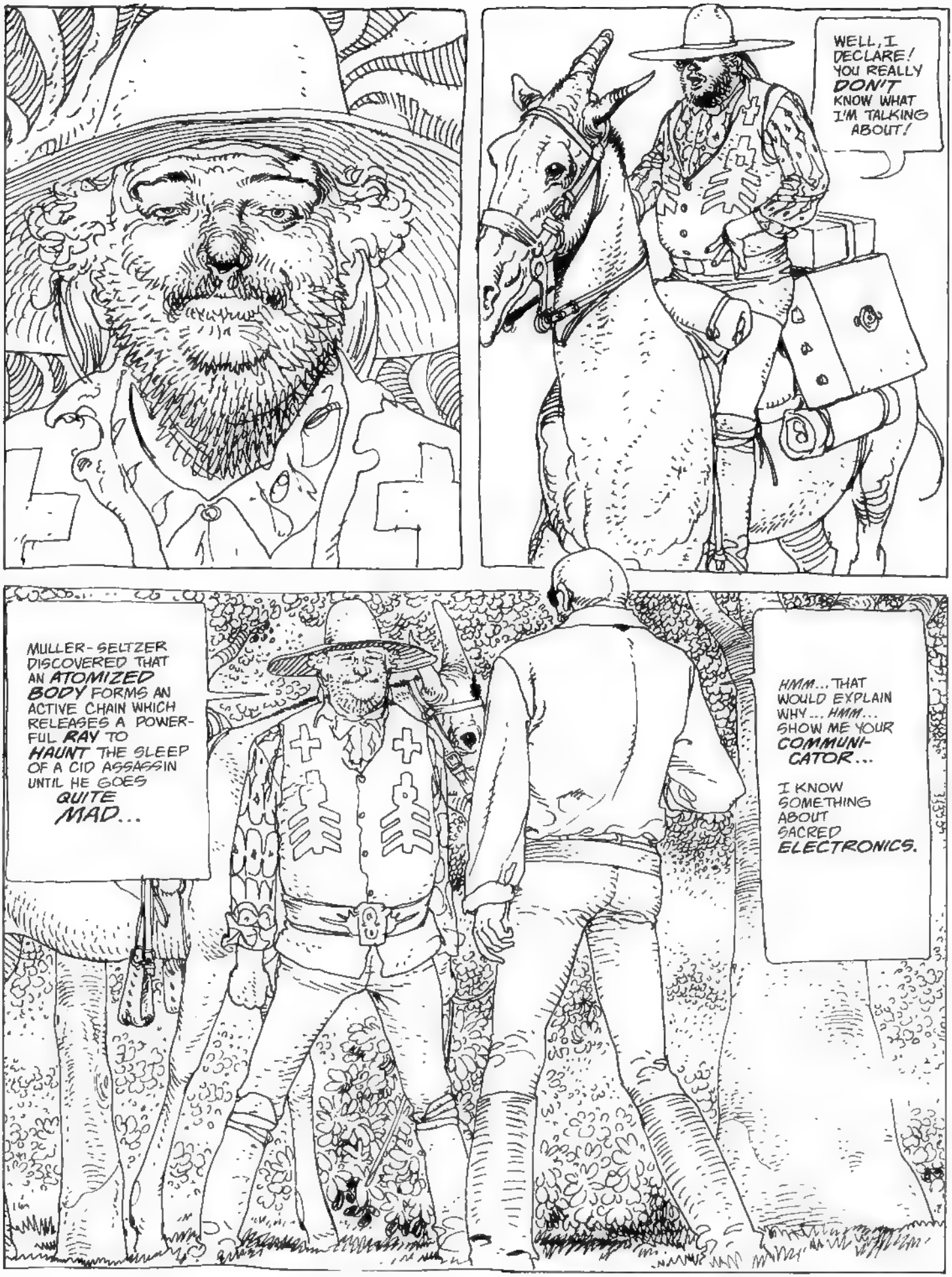


I AM THE MASTER OF CARN FINEHAC, SOUTH OF HERE IN THE ONIX ZONES... WE WITHERED AWAY SLOWLY DOWN THERE. THE "JUNCTION" HAS BEEN SUSPENDED FOR SO LONG THAT PRETTY SOON IT'LL BE TOO LATE...
AND IF SO, WE'RE ENTERING A PERIOD OF IRREVERSIBLE DECAY.
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT THE COMMUNICATOR SAID...
ALREADY, THE BAKALITES HAVE MORE POWER THAN WE DO...

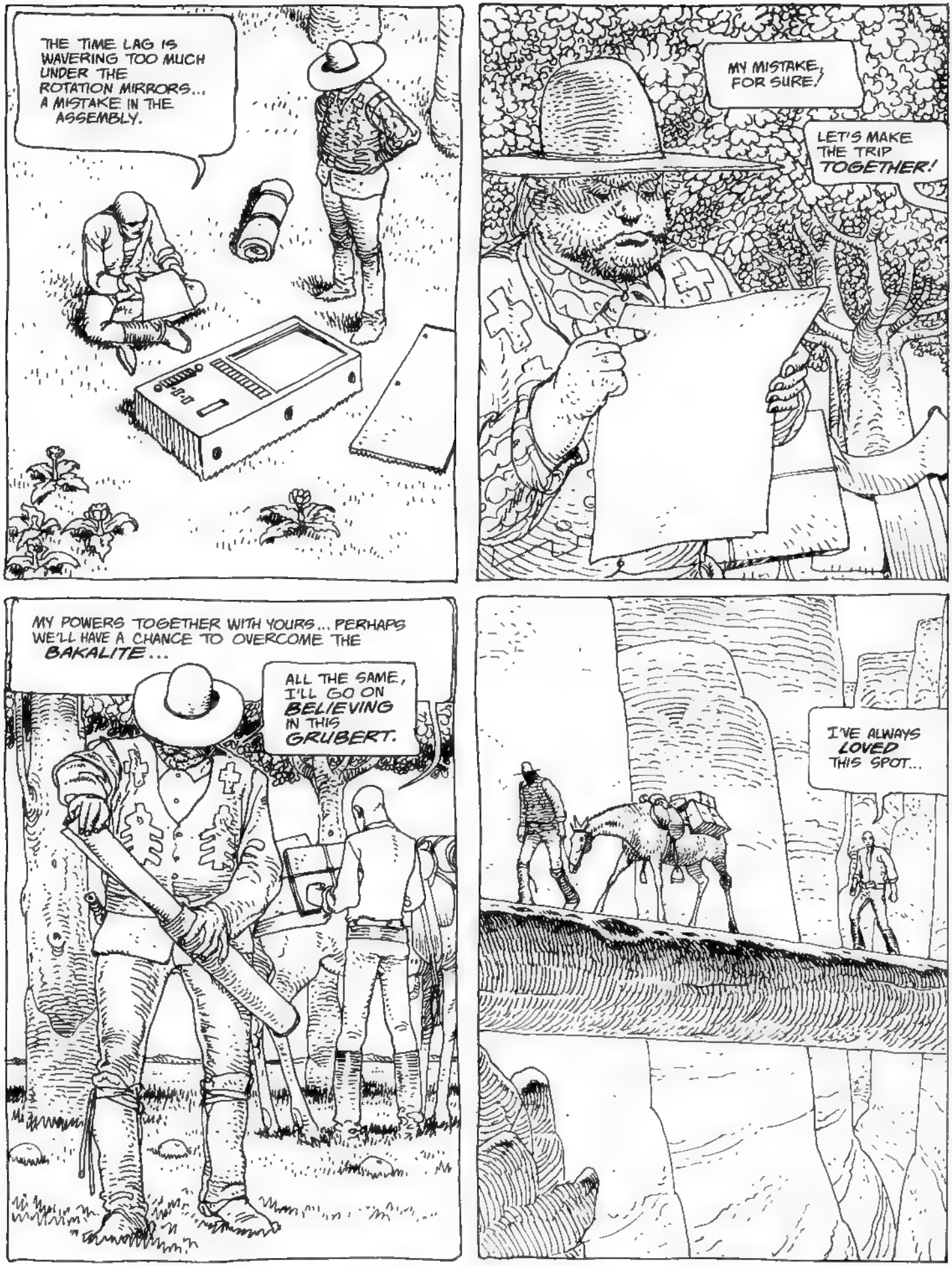
SO, I'M ON MY WAY TO "BOLZEDURA," THE ABANDONED CITY, TO TRY TO FIND THE "JUNCTION"... ALTHOUGH THERE'S AN OLD AND VERY POWERFUL BAKALITE THERE...
PROBABLY, I'LL END UP DEAD...

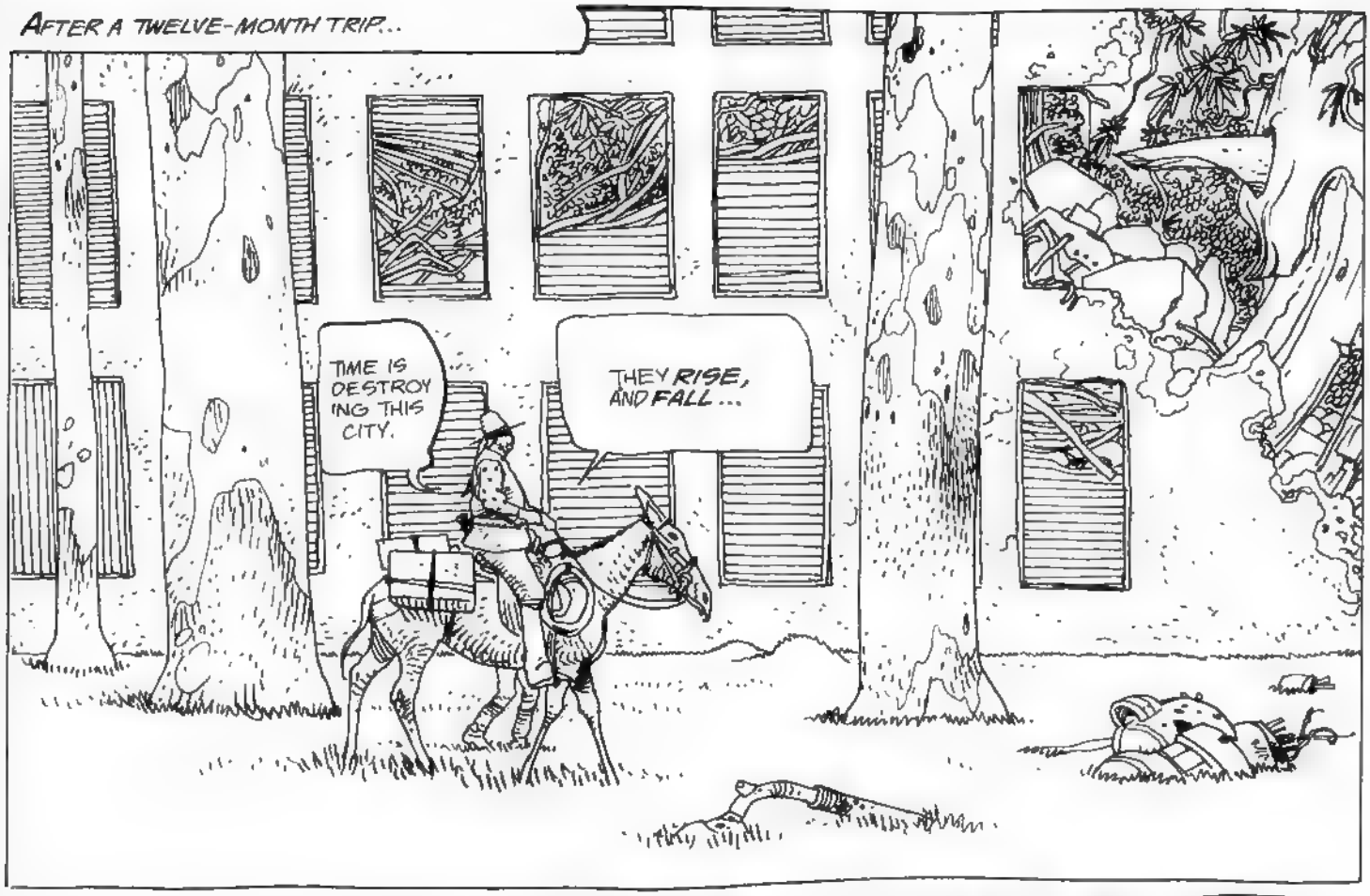

WE CREATED THIS SPECIES IN IMITATION OF THE FAMOUS EARTH "HORSE"... IN ACTION, THEY'RE PRACTICALLY THE SAME...
IN THREE DAYS I'LL SEE THE HIGH TOWERS OF PLATMOLL... AND "BOLZEDURA" AND THAT OLD BAKALITE WON'T BE FAR AWAY...

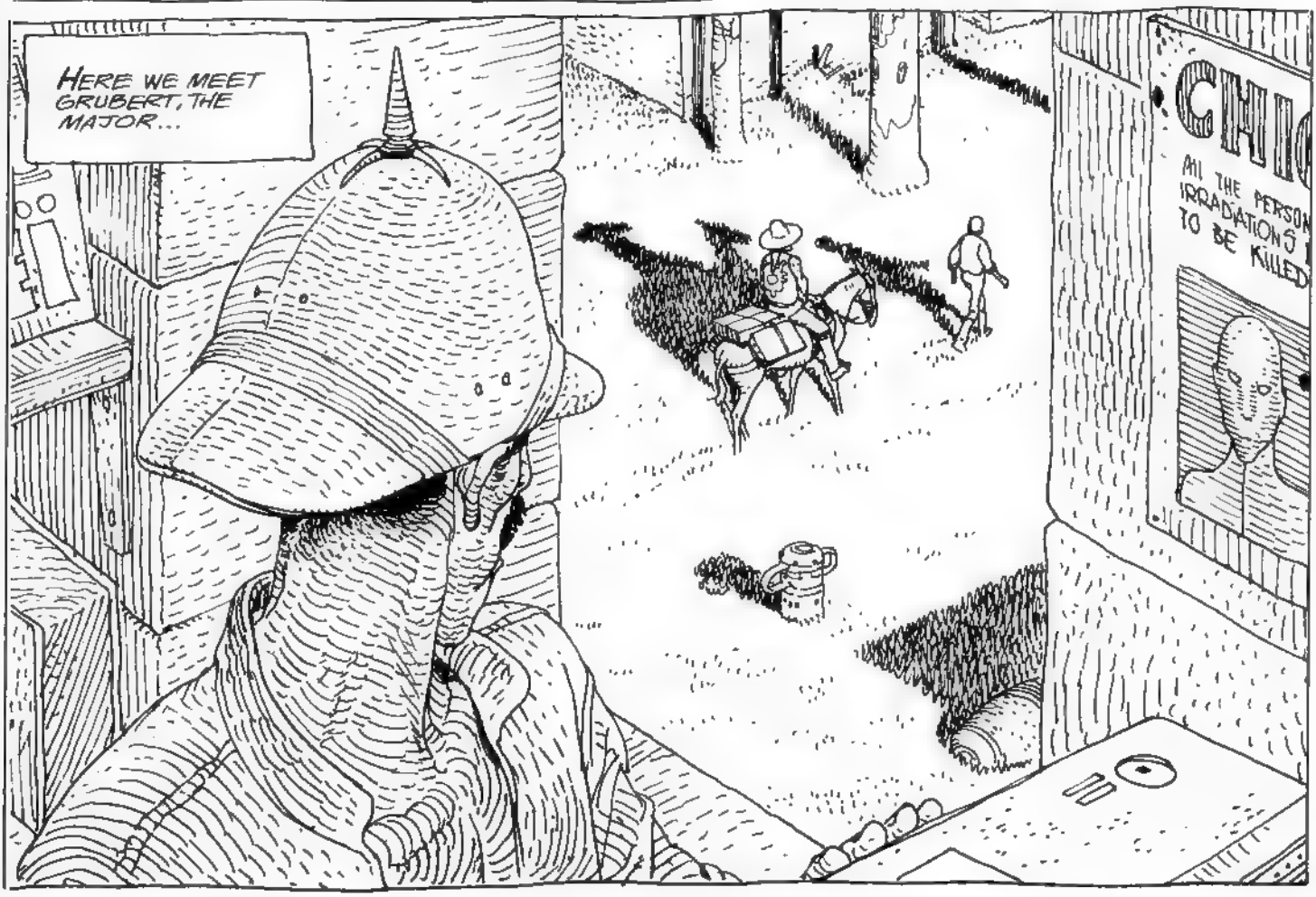

OBLADI OBLADA... WHAT A BEAUT OF A HORSE!
HERE WE GO!
NOW THIS CHARMING BOAZ FELLAH WANTS TO SPRING ONE OF HIS DEADLY AMBUSHES AGAIN!
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE THIS STUFF UP?
THIS PLANET DOESN'T LIKE YOUR KIND, JON JONSON!
YOUR BLOOD WILL STAIN THE GRASS RED!
HERE ON SYLDAIN-DOLCHIGNE THINGS HAVE CHANGED A LOT, AND THE TRAVELER OFTEN FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A SAD-EYED CID HIGHWAYMAN... AND THUS WAS JON JONSON TRAPPED BY A HALF-MAD BOAZ.
YOU'RE GOING TO BOLZEDURA TO BREAK THE SILENCE, RANSACK THE MEMORIAL WALLS, AND DESTROY THE DELICATE FORMS OF THE HONEYED CITY!
I, WITH MY SWF, AM GOING TO REARRANGE YOUR ATOMS SO YOU'LL LEARN...
I'M GOING TO TRANS-FORM YOU INTO A RED CLOUD...
OH, SHIT... MY HEART IS SEETHING WITH HATRED AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

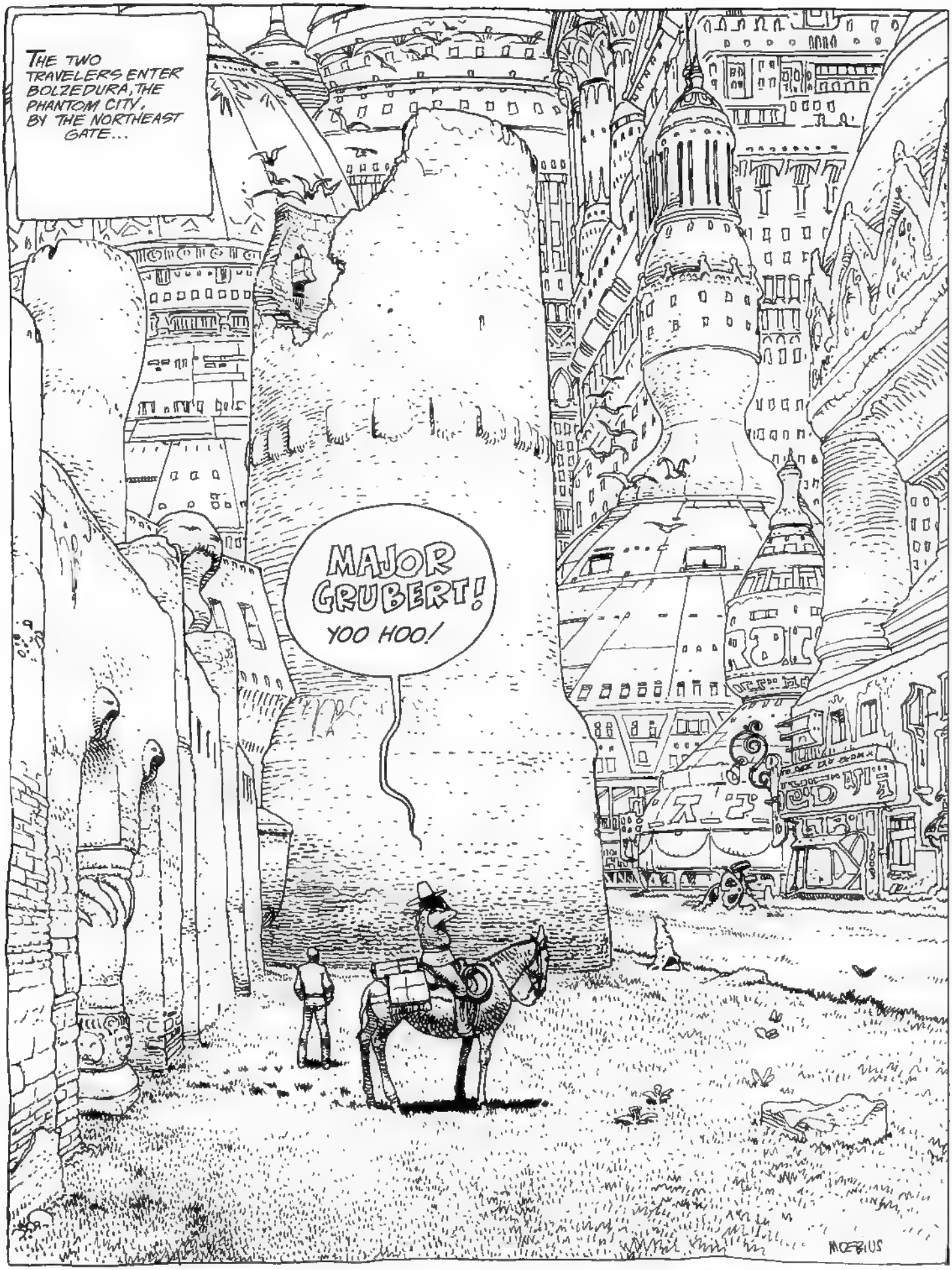

"I'M GOING TO... I'M GOING TO... I'M GOING TO..." BUT OL' JON ISN'T SCARED... HE'S EVEN PRETTY COOL...
LISTEN TO MY REASONS FOR THIS TRIP, BOAZ OLD BOY... I'M HEADING FOR BOLZEDURA TO MEET A HUMANOID MAJOR... HIS NAME'S GRUBERT... HE WANTS TO NEGOTIATE WITH THE BAKALITE.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAJOR IS A MEGALOMANIAC IMPOSTOR. NO ONE CAN NEGOTIATE WITH THE BAKALITE.
HE IS IMMOVABLE BY NATURE.
NO, NO!... THAT'S JUST THE GOBBLEDYGOOK OF TERRESTRIAL PROPAGANDA. COME WITH ME TO PLATMOLL! WE CAN REPAIR THE COMMUNICATOR... WE CAN FACE THE BAKALITE TOGETHER.
PSST... PSST! I AM BOAZ, THE CID ASSASSIN... THE ONLY THING THAT PLEASES ME IS LAYING AMBUSHES... KILLING COLONISTS... SCATTERING THEIR ATOMS IN A RED CLOUD TO BE BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND OF SYLDAIN...
AND THEN, SADLY, TO SURVEY THE GRASSY PLAIN...
YOU MUST BE CAREFUL OF THE MULLER-SELTZER EFFECT, MY DEAR BOAZ!
A CID ASSASSIN FEARS NOTHING!


WELL, I DECLARE! YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
MULLER-SELTZER DISCOVERED THAT AN ATOMIZED BODY FORMS AN ACTIVE CHAIN WHICH RELEASES A POWERFUL RAY TO HAUNT THE SLEEP OF A CID ASSASSIN UNTIL HE GOES QUITE MAD...
HMM... THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY... HMM... SHOW ME YOUR COMMUNICATOR...
I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT SACRED ELECTRONICS.

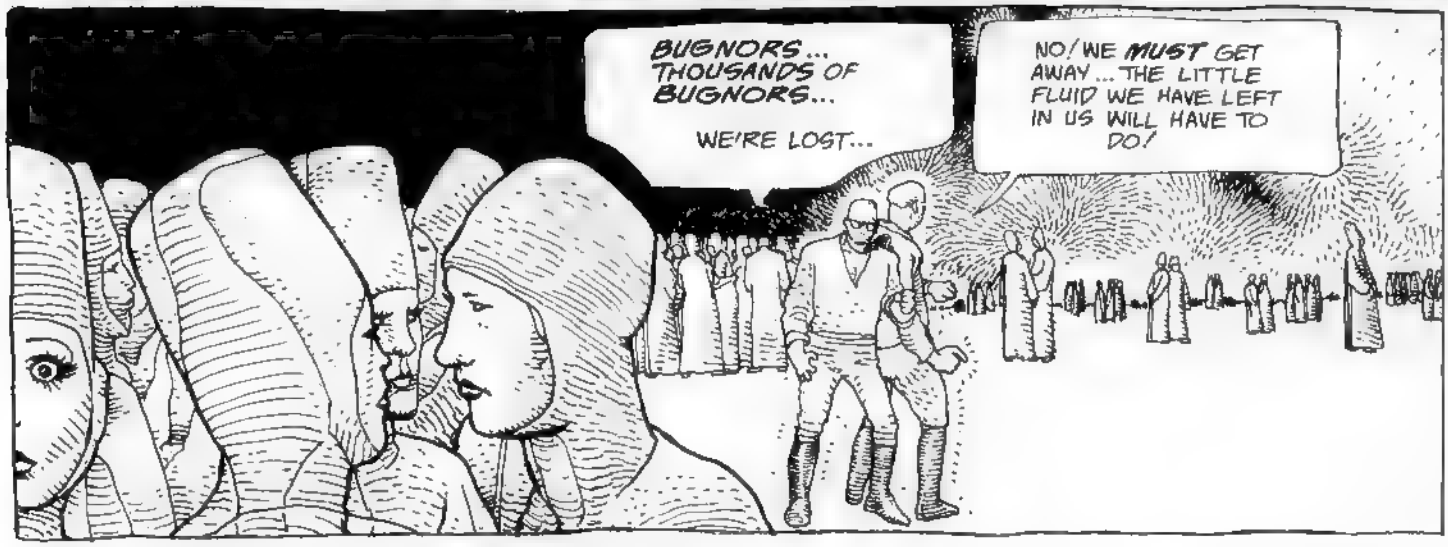

THE TIME LAG IS WAVERING TOO MUCH UNDER THE ROTATION MIRRORS... A MISTAKE IN THE ASSEMBLY.
MY MISTAKE, FOR SURE!
LET'S MAKE THE TRIP TOGETHER!
MY POWERS TOGETHER WITH YOURS... PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO OVERCOME THE BAKALITE...
ALL THE SAME, I'LL GO ON BELIEVING IN THIS GRUBERT.
I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THIS SPOT...

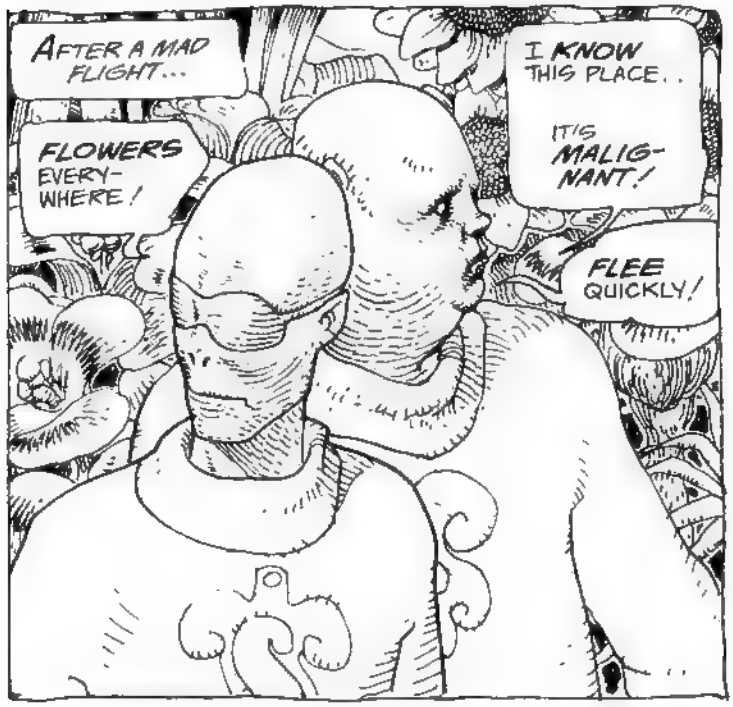

AFTER A TWELVE-MONTH TRIP...
TIME IS DESTROYING THIS CITY.
THEY RISE, AND FALL...

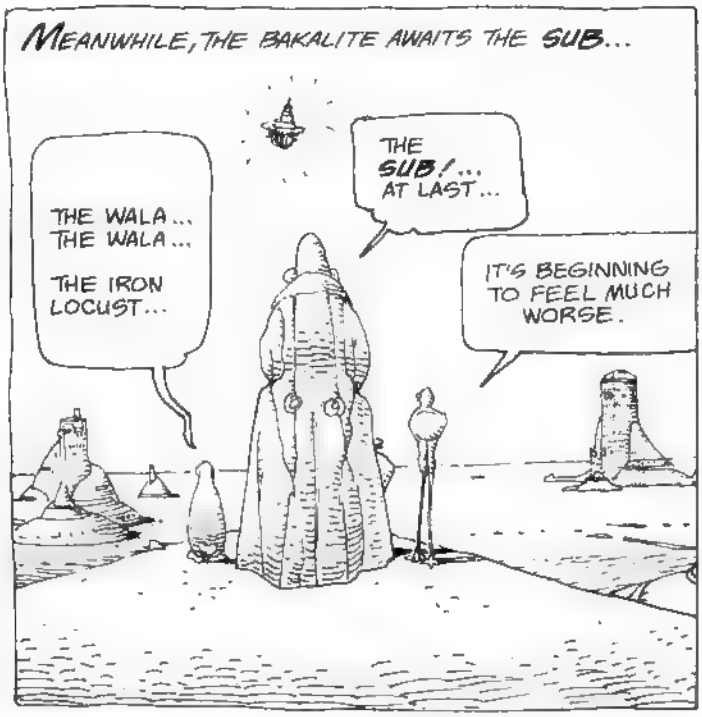

HERE WE MEET GRUBERT, THE MAJOR...

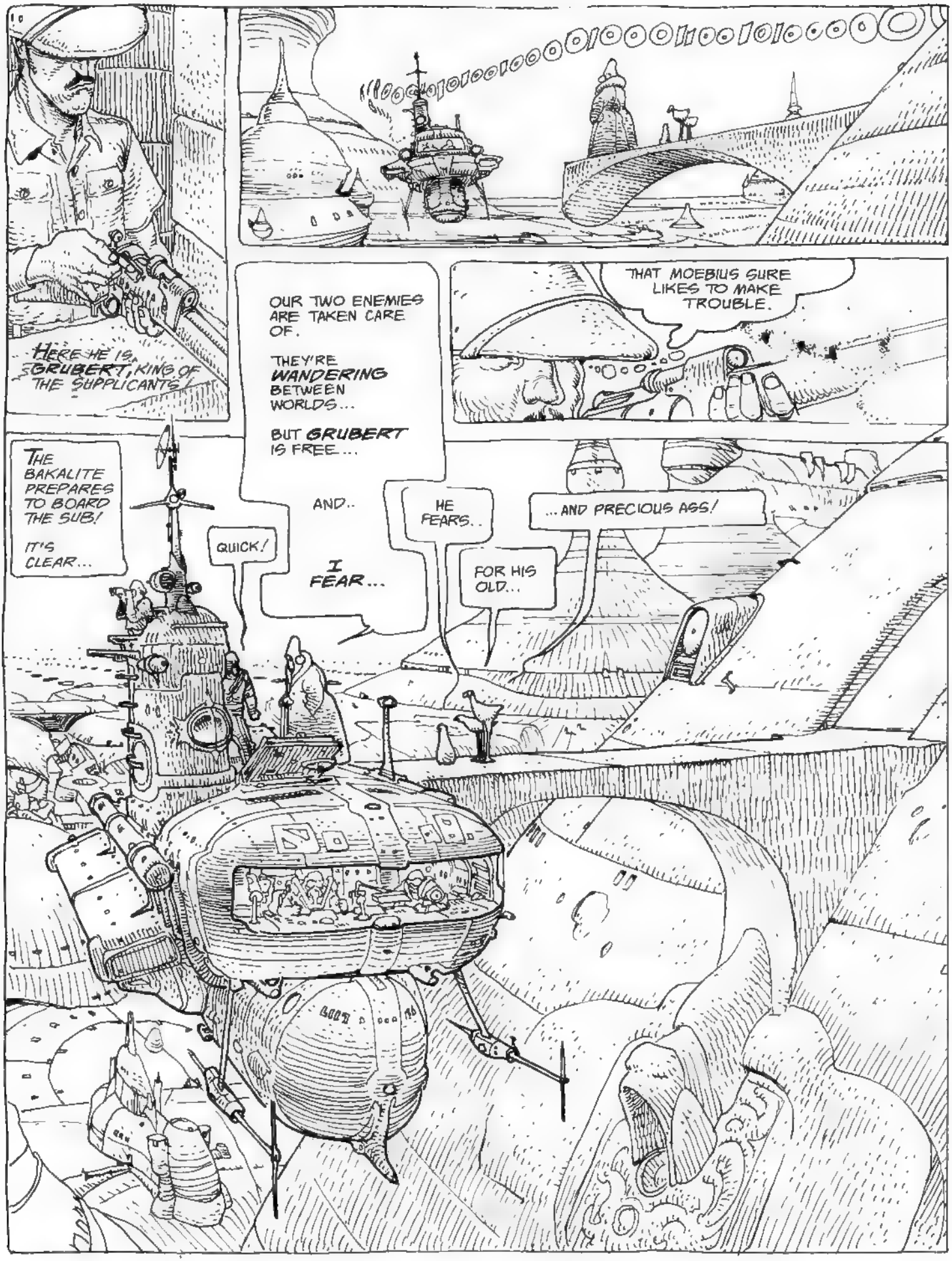

THE TWO TRAVELERS ENTER BOLZEDURA, THE PHANTOM CITY, BY THE NORTHEAST GATE...
MAJOR GRUBERT!
YOO HOO!
MOEBIUS

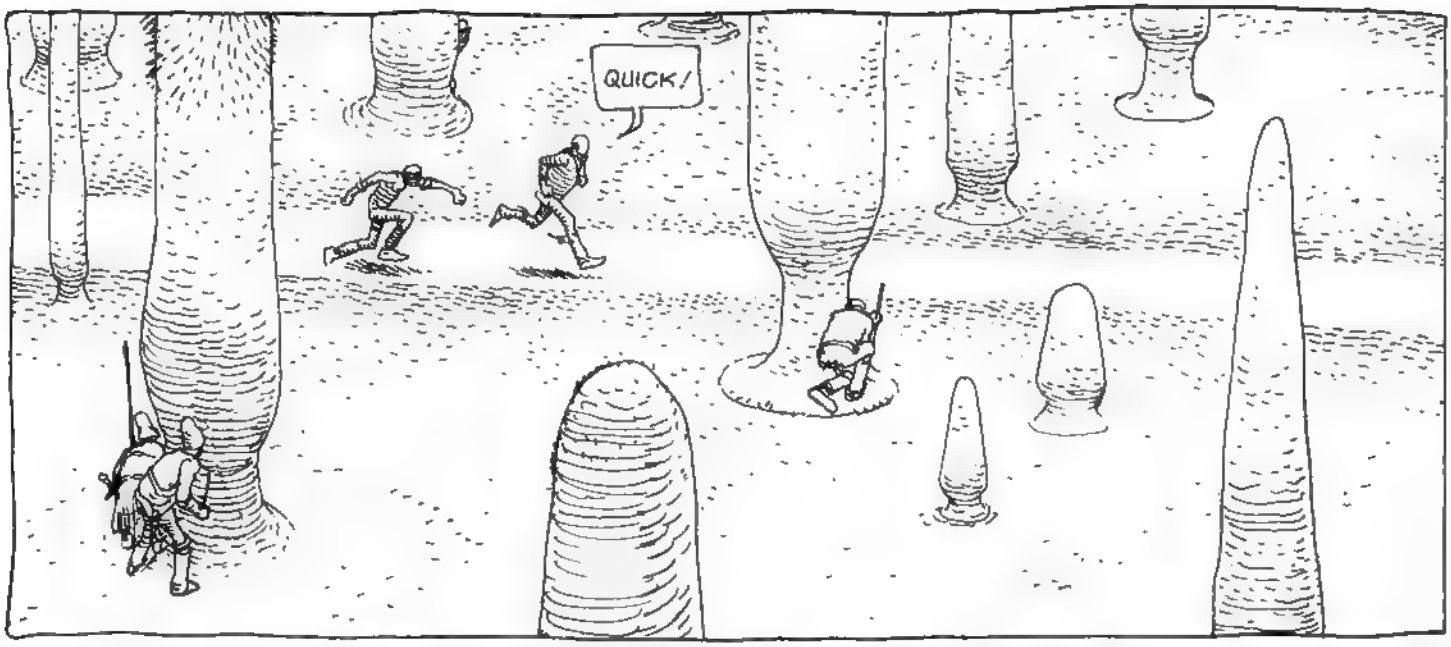
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT GRUBERT. HE HAS ABANDONED US!
DOESN'T MATTER. I KNOW THE SEWERS WELL..
THE TWO TRAVELERS UNDER THE CITY...
THINGS WILL BE BETTER WHEN WE GET TO THE JUNCTION.
"JUNCTION, JUNCTION, EXTREME UNCTION..."
WHO CARES?
SUDDENLY.. TOTAL DARK-NESS...
A BLACKOUT!...
IT'S THE BAKALITE! HE'S GOT US!
I'VE GOT YOU!
GOTCHA!
HE'S GOT YOU...
LIKE TWO RATS.
MORE DEGENERATE HUMANOIDS... THIEVES OF THE JUNCTION... I'LL SEND YOU WHERE YOU'LL DO NO HARM!


BUGNORS... THOUSANDS OF BUGNORS...
WE'RE LOST...
NO/WE MUST GET AWAY...THE LITTLE FLUID WE HAVE LEFT IN US WILL HAVE TO DO!

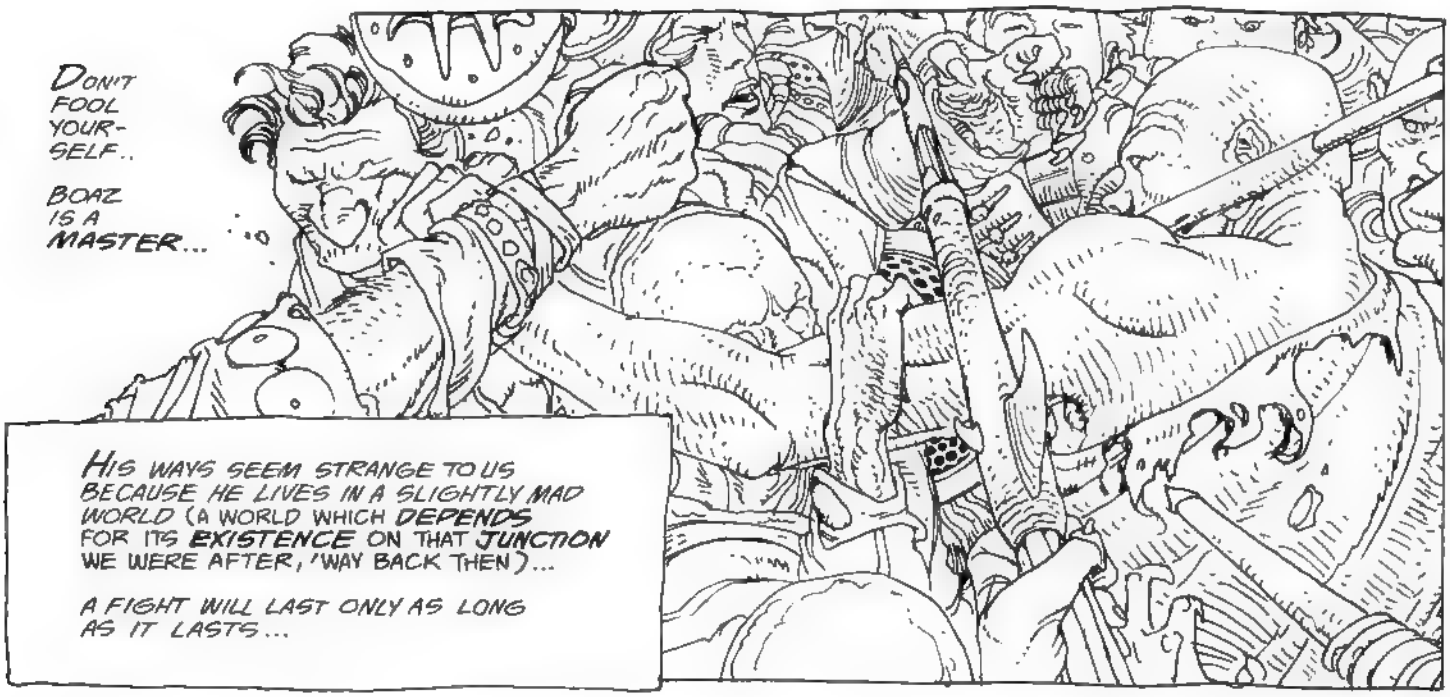

AFTER A MAD FLIGHT...
FLOWERS EVERY-WHERE!
I KNOW THIS PLACE..
IT'S MALIG-NANT!
FLEE QUICKLY!

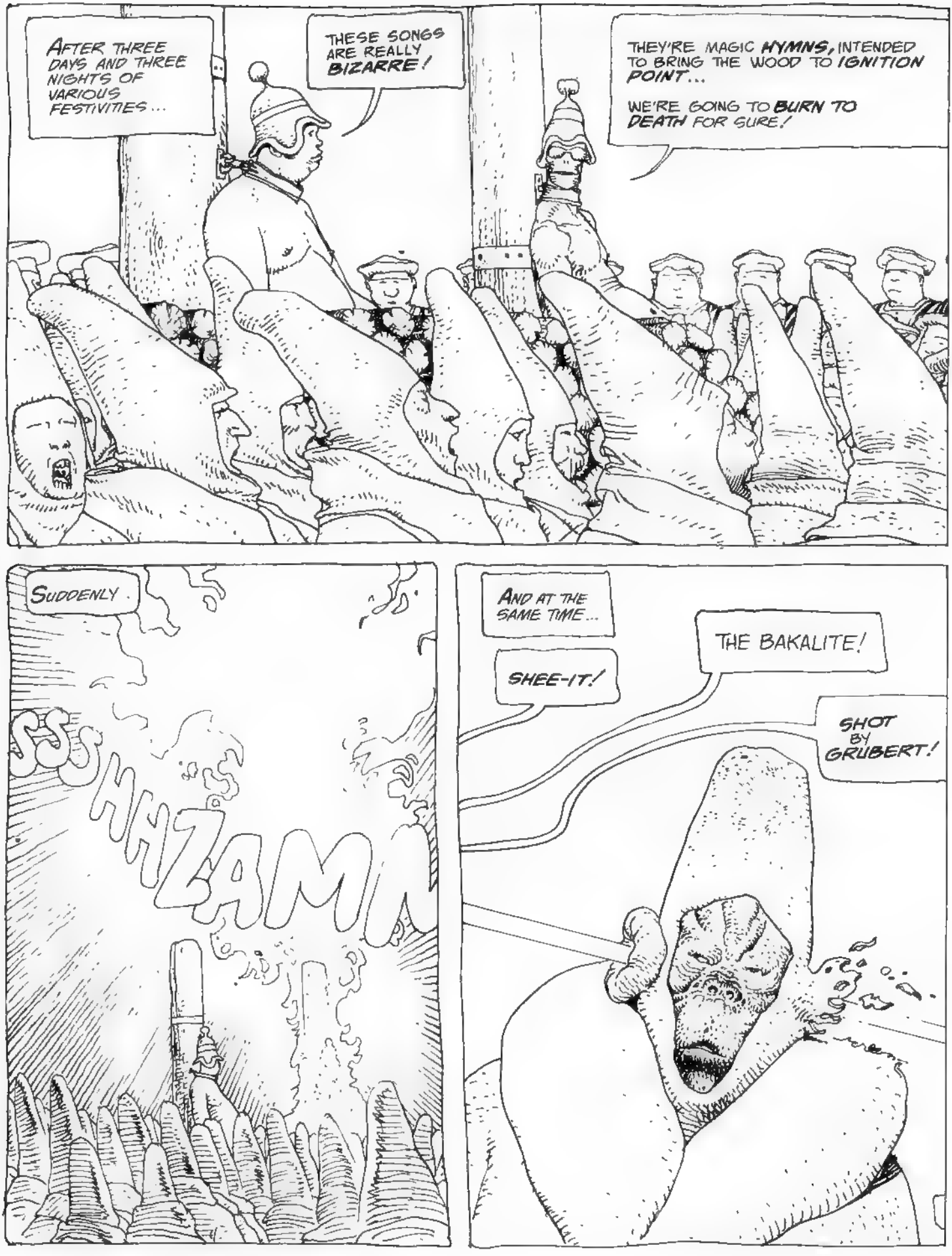

MEANWHILE, THE BAKALITE AWAITS THE SUB...
THE WALA... THE WALA... THE IRON LOCUST...
THE SUB!... AT LAST...
IT'S BEGINNING TO FEEL MUCH WORSE.


HERE HE IS, GRUBERT, KING OF THE SUPPLICANTS!
OUR TWO ENEMIES ARE TAKEN CARE OF.
THEY'RE WANDERING BETWEEN WORLDS...
BUT GRUBERT IS FREE...
AND..
I FEAR...
THAT MOEBIUS SURE LIKES TO MAKE TROUBLE.
THE BAKALITE PREPARES TO BOARD THE SUB!
IT'S CLEAR...
QUICK!
HE FEARS..
FOR HIS OLD..
...AND PRECIOUS ASS!


QUICK!

WE'RE DONE FOR!


DON'T FOOL YOURSELF..
BOAZ IS A MASTER...
HIS WAYS SEEM STRANGE TO US BECAUSE HE LIVES IN A SLIGHTLY MAD WORLD (A WORLD WHICH DEPENDS FOR ITS EXISTENCE ON THAT JUNCTION WE WERE AFTER, 'WAY BACK THEN)...
A FIGHT WILL LAST ONLY AS LONG AS IT LASTS...


AFTER THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS OF VARIOUS FESTIVITIES...
THESE SONGS ARE REALLY BIZARRE!
THEY'RE MAGIC HYMNS, INTENDED TO BRING THE WOOD TO IGNITION POINT...
WE'RE GOING TO BURN TO DEATH FOR SURE!
SUDDENLY
SSSHHZAMM
AND AT THE SAME TIME...
SHEE-IT!
THE BAKALITE!
SHOT BY GRUBERT!

AND..
MY HEAD... OOH..
WHERE AM I?
BOAZ.. POOR BOAZ!...
FINISHED. ALL FINISHED..
EEEEEEK
BZZZZZZZZZZZZ...
GRUBERT'S SPACESHIP!
EEEEK
THE FOLLOWING 127 JANUARY...
BUT, ALL THIS IS ANCIENT HISTORY.
GRUBERT ESCAPED... WITH THE JUNCTION, INTO DEEP SPACE... WHERE I HOPE RATS ATE HIM... WHAT WAS MEANT TO BE WAS MEANT TO BE... BAH!...
FIN

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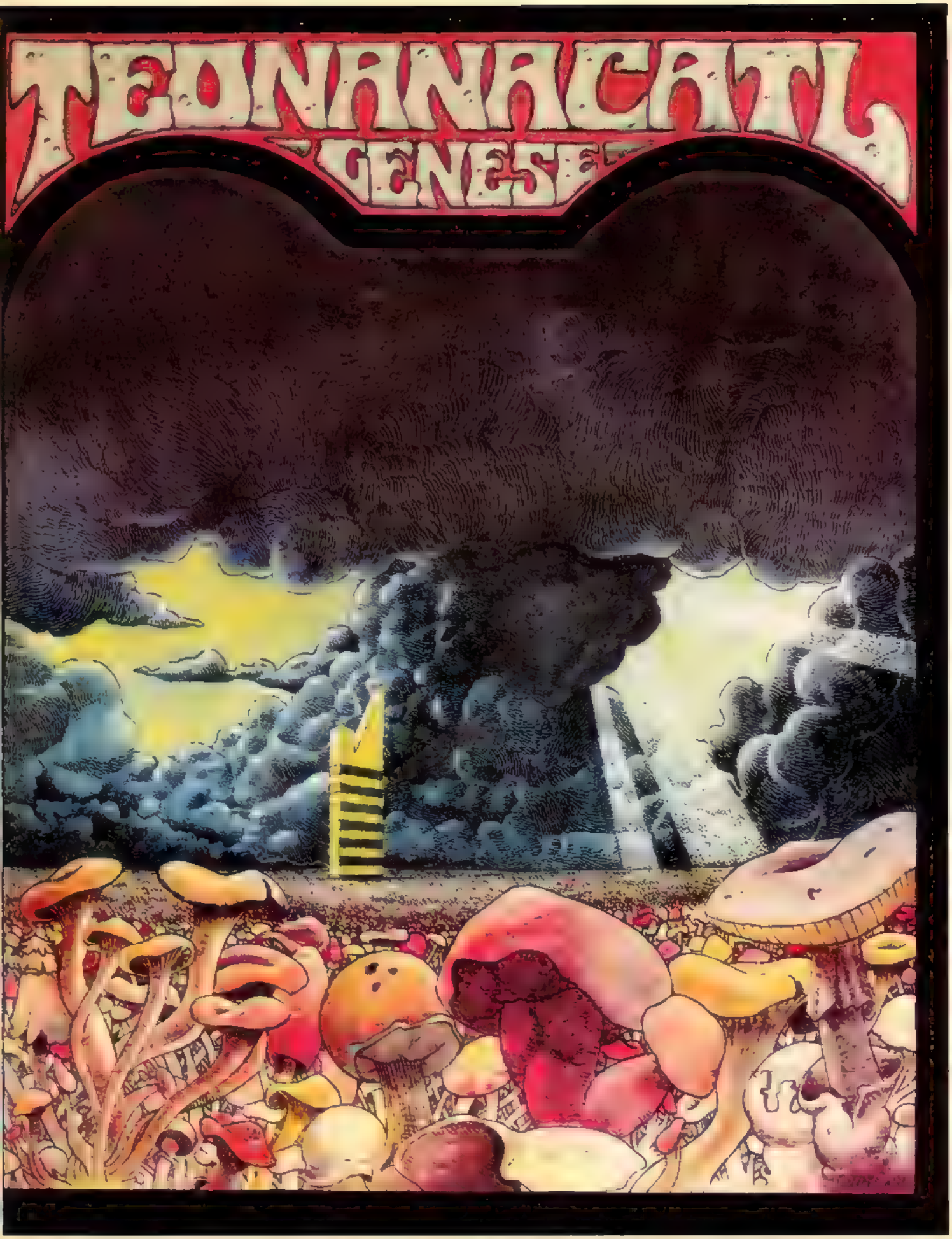
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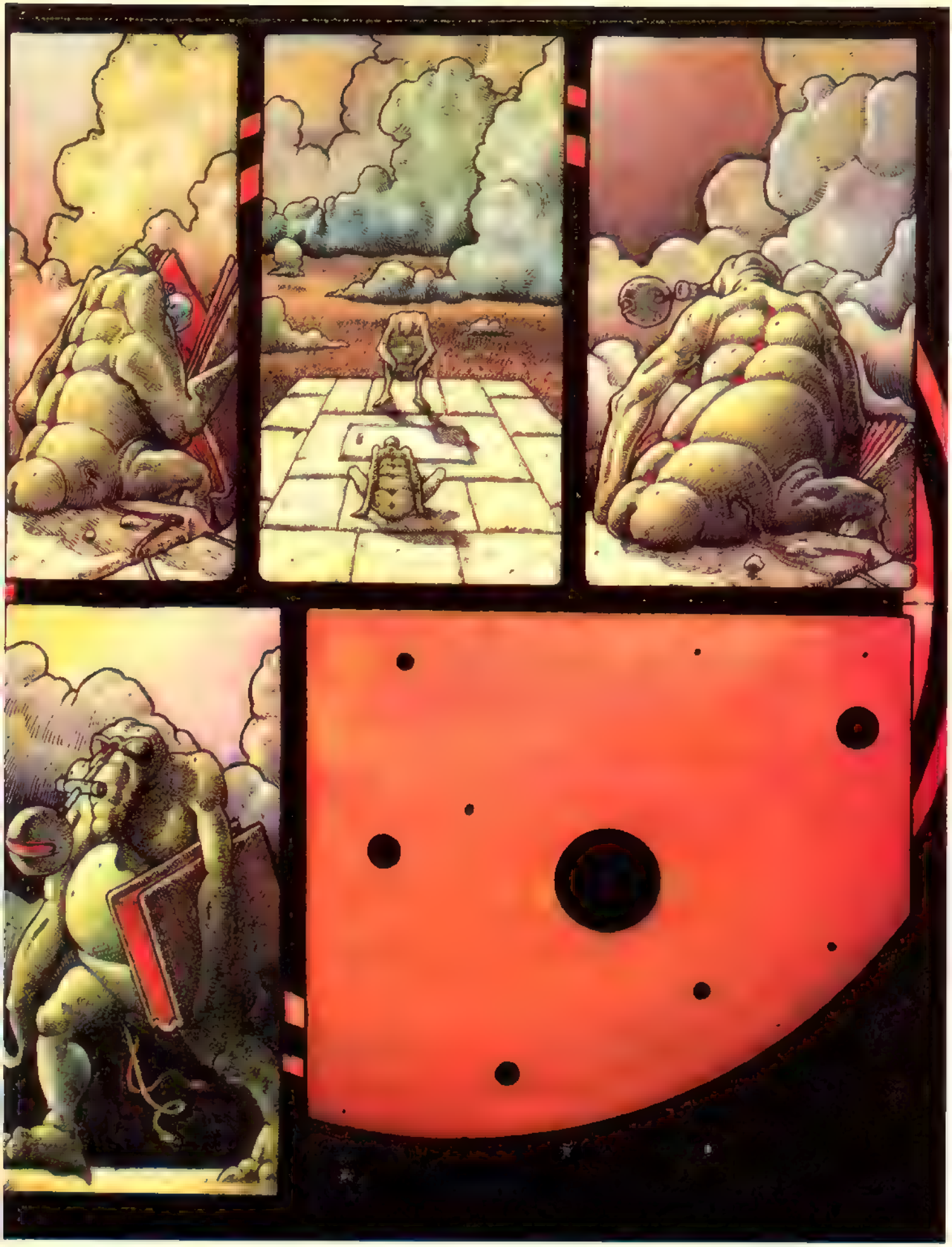

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U.SSR

_CRRR!! WIZZ!! CROUIICK!!
SCHMOULTSCHKZ ?? CRR_

CRR!!
FIN
CORTMAN 76.77

# Is There a Demon Lover in the House?

**by Roger Zelazny**

Nightscape of city in November with fog intermittent blotches of streetlight; a chilly thing, the wind slithering across the weeping faces of buildings; the silence.

Form is dulled and softened. Outlines are lost, silhouettes unsealed. Matter bleeds some vital essence upon the streets. What are the pivot points of time? Was that its arrow, baffled by coils of mist, or only a lost bird of the night?

..Walking now, the man, gait slowed to a normal pace now, his exhilaration transmuted to a kind of calm. Middle-aged, middle-statured, side-whiskered, dark, he looks neither to the left nor the right. He has lost his way, but his step is almost buoyant. A great love fills his being, general, objectless, pure as the pearl-soft glow of the corner light through the fog.

He reaches that corner and moves to cross the street.

An auto is there, then gone, tearing through the intersection, a low rumble within its muffler, lights slashing the dark. Its red tail lamps swing by, dwindle, are gone; its tires screech as it turns an unseen corner.

The man has drawn back against the building. He stares in the direction the vehicle has taken. For a long while after it has vanished from sight, he continues to stare Then he withdraws a case from an inside pocket, takes out a small cigar, lights it. His hands shake as he does so

A moment of panic .

He looks all about, sighs, then retrieves the small, newspaper-wrapped parcel he had been carrying, from where it had fallen near the curb

Carefully, carefully then, he crosses the street. Soon the love has hold of him again.

Farther along, he comes upon a parked car, pauses a moment beside it, sees a couple embracing within, continues on his way. Another car passes along the street, slowly. There is a glow ahead.

He advances toward the illumination. There are lights within a small café and several storefront display windows. A theater marquee blazes in the center of the block. There are people here, moving along the walks, crossing the street. Cars discharge passengers. There is a faint odor of frying fish. The theater, he sees, is called the Regent Street.

He pauses beneath the marquee, which advertises.

EXOTIC MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

*THE KISS OF DEATH*

Puffing his cigar, he regards a series of photos within a glass case. A long-haired, acne-dotted medical student comes over to see the still shots, innocuous yet titillative on the wall. "Thought they'd never get to show it," he mutters.

"Beg pardon?"

"This snuff film. Just won a court decision. Didn't you hear?"

"No. I did not know. This one?"

"That's right. You going to see it?"

"I don't know. What is it about?"

The student turns and stares at the man, cocks his head to one side, smiles faintly. Seeing the reaction, the man smiles also. The student chuckles and shrugs.

"May be your only chance to see one," he says. "I'm betting they get closed down again and it goes to a higher court."

"Perhaps I will."

"Rotten weather, huh? They say *so ho* was an old hunting cry. Probably from people trying to find each other, huh?"

He chuckles. The man returns it and nods. The calm of controlled passion that holds him as in a gentle fist pushes him toward the experience.

"Yes, I believe that I will," he says, and he moves toward the ticket window.

The man behind the glass looks up as he passes him the money.

"You sure you want to spend that? It's an oldie."

He nods.

The ticket seller sets the coin to one side, hands him his pasteboard and his change.

He enters the lobby, looks about, follows the others.

"No smoking inside. Fire law."

"Oh. Sorry."

Dropping his cigar into a nearby receptacle, he surrenders his ticket and passes within. He pauses at the head of an aisle to regard the screen before him, moves on when jostled, finds a seat to his left, takes it.

He settles back and lets his warm feeling enfold him. It is a strange night. Lost, why had he come in? A place to sit? A place to hide? A place to be warm with impersonal human noises about him? Curiosity?

All of these, he decides, while his thoughts roam over the varied surface of life, and the post-orgasmic sadness fades to tenderness and gratefulness.

His shoulder is touched. He turns quickly.

"Just me," says the student. "Show'll be starting in a few minutes. You ever the read the Marquis de Sade?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"A decadent dilettante."

"Oh."

The student settles back and assumes a thoughtful pose. The man returns his eyes to the front of the theater.

After a time, the houselights grow dim and die. Then the screen is illuminated. The words *The Kiss of Death* flash upon it. Soon they are succeeded by human figures. The man leans forward, his brow furrowed. He turns and studies the slant of light from the projection booth, dust motes drifting within it. He sees a portion of the equipment. He turns again to the screen and his breathing deepens.

He watches all the actions leading to the movements of passion as time ticks about him. The theater is still. It seems that he has been transported to a magical realm. The people around him take on a supernatural quality, blank-faced in the light reflected from the screen. The back of his neck grows cold, and it feels as if the hairs are stirring upon it. Still, he suppresses a desire to rise and depart, for there is something frightening, too, to the vision. But it seems important that he see it through. He leans back again, watching, watching the flickering spectacle before him.

There is a tightening in his belly as he realizes what is finally to occur, as he sees the knife, the expression on the girl's face, the sudden movements, the writhing, the blood. As it continues, he gnaws his knuckle and begins to perspire. It is real, so real..

"Oh my!" he says and relaxes.

The warmth comes back to him again, but he continues to watch, until the last frame fades and the lights come on once again.

"How'd you like it?" says the voice at his back.

He does not turn.

"It is amazing," he finally says, "that they can make pictures move on a screen like that."

He hears the familiar chuckle, then, "Care to join me for a cup of coffee? Or a drink?"

"No, thanks. I have to be going."

He rises and hurries up the aisle, back toward the fog-masked city where he had somehow lost his way.

"Say, you forgot your package!"

But the man does not hear. He is gone.

The student raises it, weighs it in his palm, wonders. When he finally unwraps the folded *Times*, it is not only the human heart it contains which causes his sharp intake of breath, but the fact that the paper bears a date in November of 1888.

"Oh, Lord!" he says. "Let him find his way home!"

Outside, the fog begins to roll and break, and the wind makes a small rustling noise as it passes. The long shadow of the man, lost in his love and wonder, moves like a blade through the city and November and the night. ○


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# Night Grass

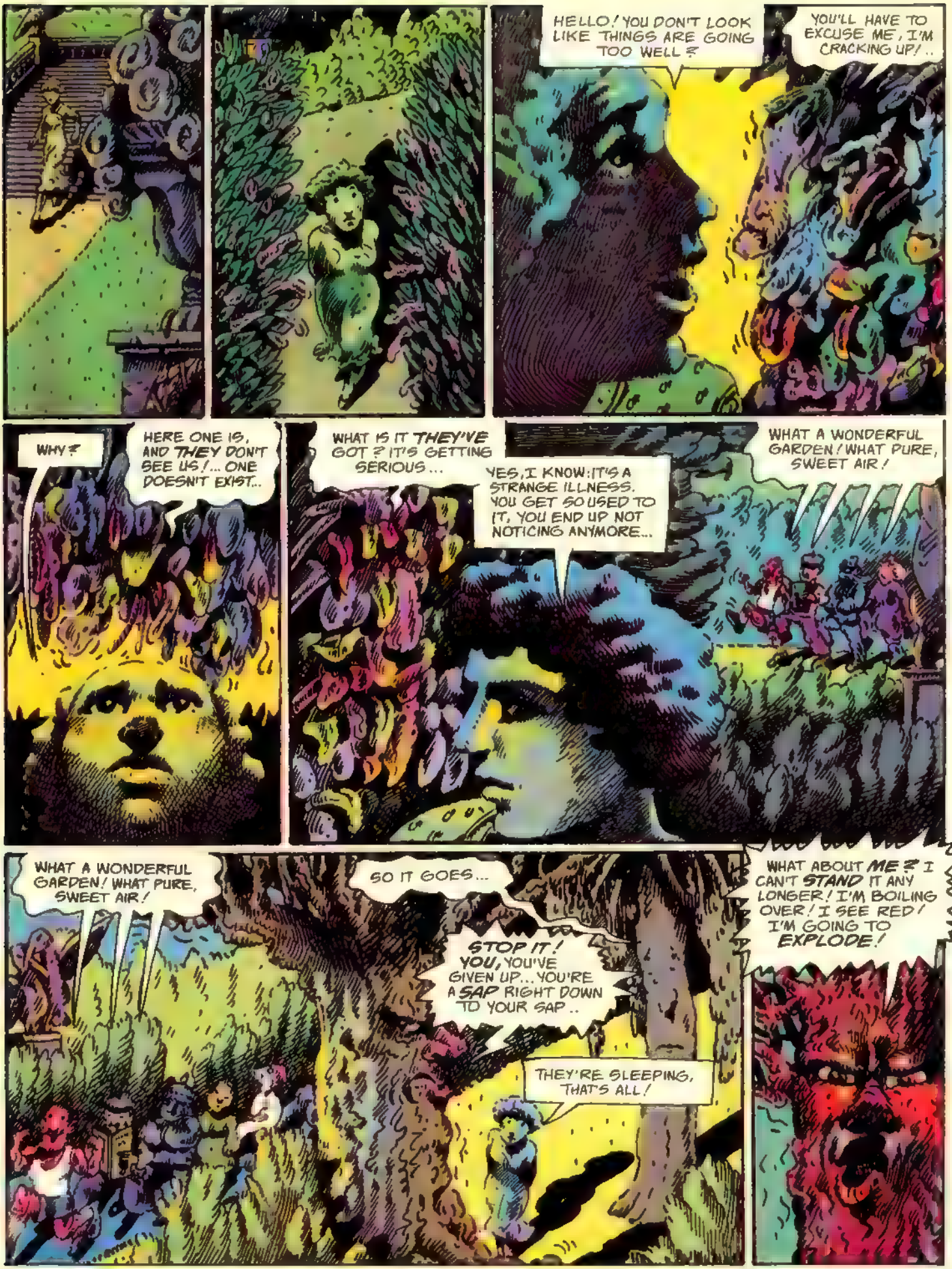
script: ZHA art: Nicole Claveloux

HELLO ? MUSEUM ?
YOU AT LAST ! WELL ?
IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE. I CAN'T BREATHE ! I WANT A TRANSFER !
WHERE ?
ANYWHERE !
ONLY FOR A MONTH, THEN... GO BY THE ROAD WITH THE WILD HUCKLEBERRIES.
YOU'LL FIND IT. IT'S CLEARLY MARKED....
IS IT FAR ?
YES AND NO.

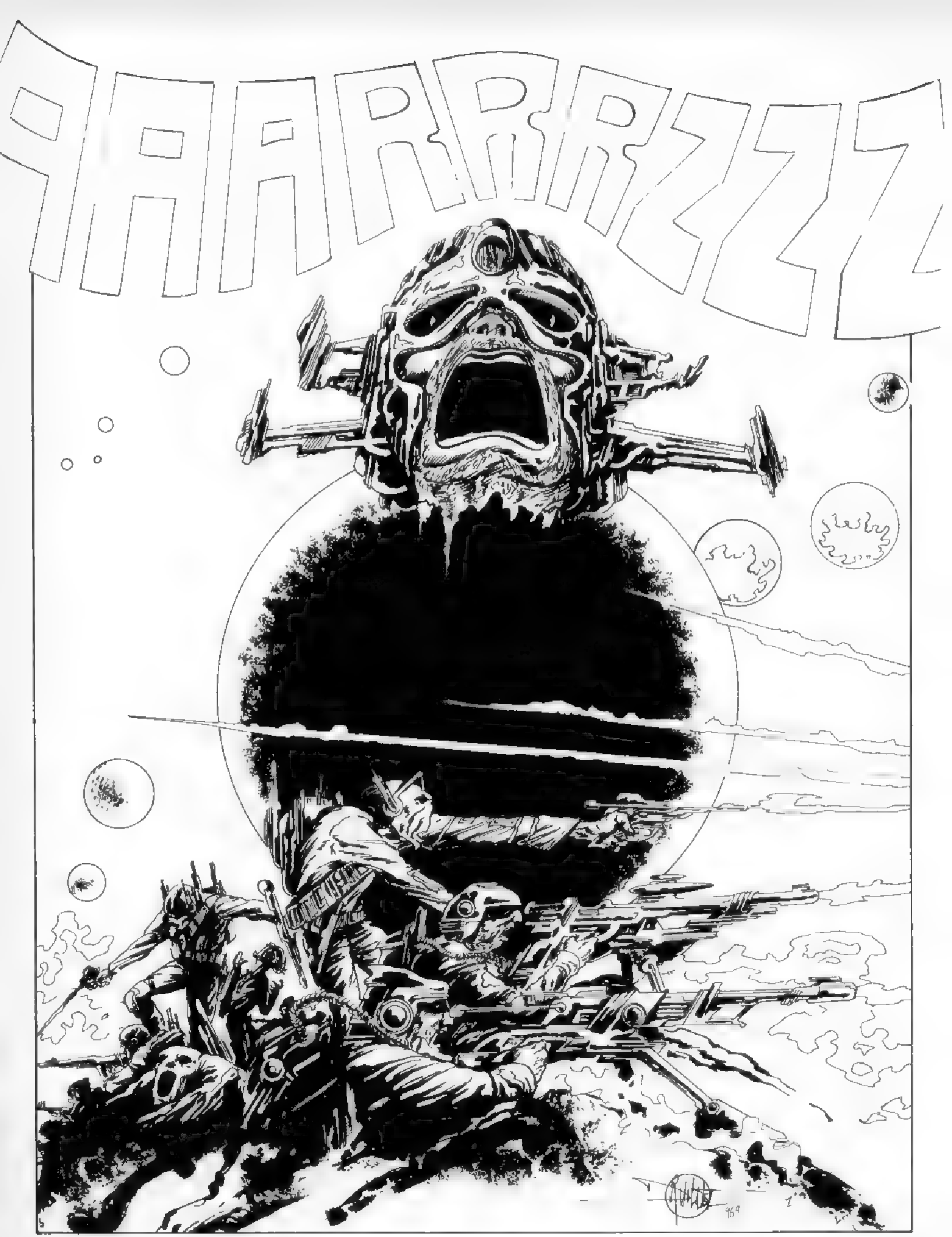
HELLO!
GOOD DAY! I'M THE MAITRE D'... YOU ARE THE GUIDE, I PRESUME?
YES!
ANY NEWS?
NONE
ALL RIGHT, COME IN!

YOU SEE, THEY DON'T BUDGE FROM THIS ROOM .
FROM TIME TO TIME, THEY LEAVE TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK AND THEN RETURN...
AND YOU?
OH, ME! I STROLL ABOUT.. I'VE BEEN APPOINTED HERE FOR LIFE...
OH...
HOW 'D' JYDO?
WHAT FUN!

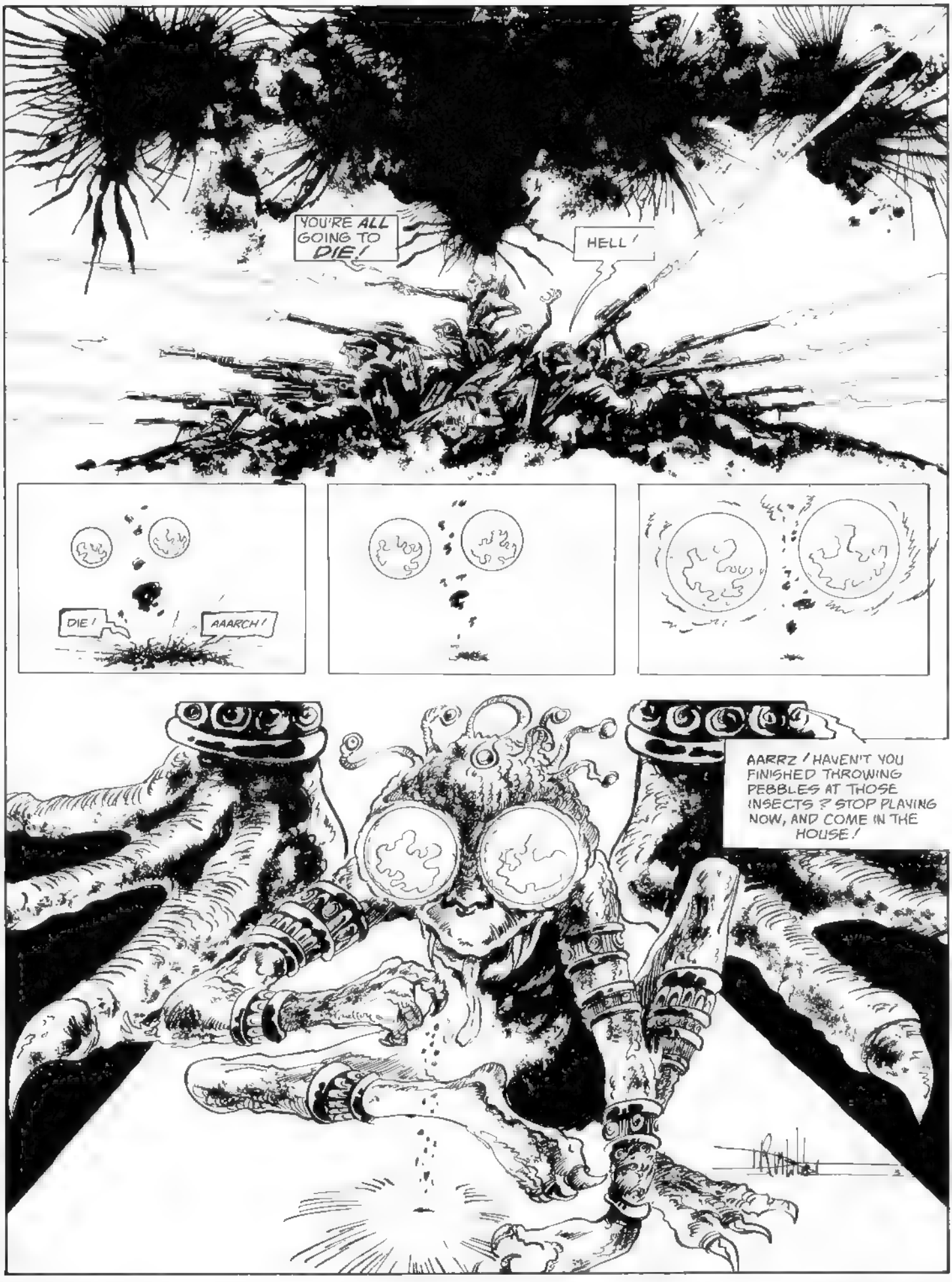
IT'S T'R'FIC HERE... IT'S WARM AND WUN'ERFUL!
ARE YOU VERY FOND OF PEOPLE?
'COURSE!
ALL?
'COURSE!
AND NATURE?
OH YEAH, LUV IT!
SAY, YOU'RE KINDA CUTE


HELLO! YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THINGS ARE GOING TOO WELL?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, I'M CRACKING UP!..
WHY?
HERE ONE IS, AND THEY DON'T SEE US!... ONE DOESN'T EXIST..
WHAT IS IT THEY'VE GOT? IT'S GETTING SERIOUS...
YES, I KNOW: IT'S A STRANGE ILLNESS. YOU GET SO USED TO IT, YOU END UP NOT NOTICING ANYMORE...
WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE, SWEET AIR!
WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE, SWEET AIR!
SO IT GOES...
STOP IT! YOU, YOU'VE GIVEN UP... YOU'RE A SAP RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR SAP..
THEY'RE SLEEPING, THAT'S ALL!
WHAT ABOUT ME? I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'M BOILING OVER! I SEE RED! I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!

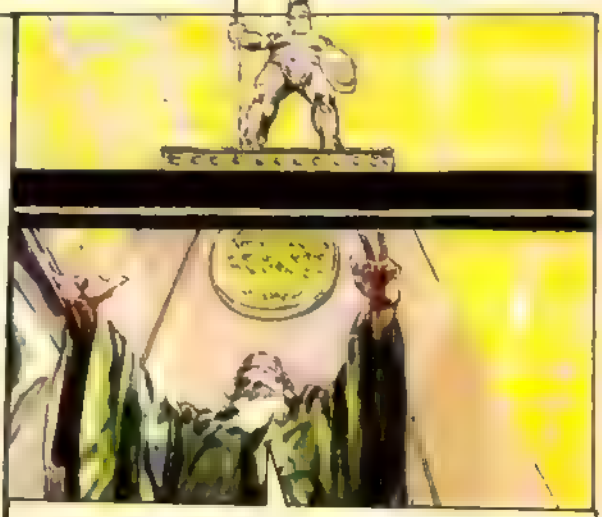
WHAT A WONDERFUL GARDEN! WHAT PURE, SWEET AIR!
FOX


BARRRZZZ

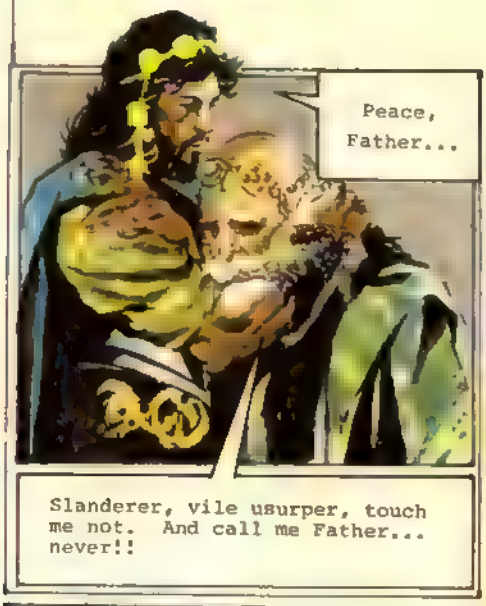
I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE! WE'VE BEEN ROTTING IN THIS HOLE FOR MORE THAN SIX MONTHS, AND THE ROCKET'S OUT AND..
SHUT UP! THIS CONSTANT BELLYACHING WON'T HELP. REINFORCEMENTS ARE BOUND TO ARRIVE SOON!
ENOUGH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FUCKING EXPEDITION ON THIS FUCKING PLANET WHERE YOU SEE NOTHING AND WE'RE SNIPED AT WITHOUT KNOWING FROM WHERE OR WHY...
AND YOU, YOU ARCTURIAN PIG? HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED PICKING AWAY YOUR OWN SKIN, YOU SHIT-HEAP?
YOU COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT KIND OF MESS YOU GET YOURSELF INTO!
LEAVE THE BRUTE ALONE! AND TAKE COVER! THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER ATTACK!
THAT'S IT! HERE WE GO AGAIN!


YOU'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!
HELL!
DIE!
AAARCH!
AARRZ! HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED THROWING PEBBLES AT THOSE INSECTS? STOP PLAYING NOW, AND COME IN THE HOUSE!

"I am Lord Garin, protector and First General to my Lord, Kind Malzar, Ruler of Sirus. From where have you come? Where do you go? And who do you serve? You speak not! Then you are condemned by your silence.
We are engaged in a struggle for domination and eternal oblivion. Praise be to Grod. The enemy is near. All we need do is turn our eyes eastward and there is our Armageddon. The evil ones grow stronger with each passing day. Our keep is no longer able to withstand the..."

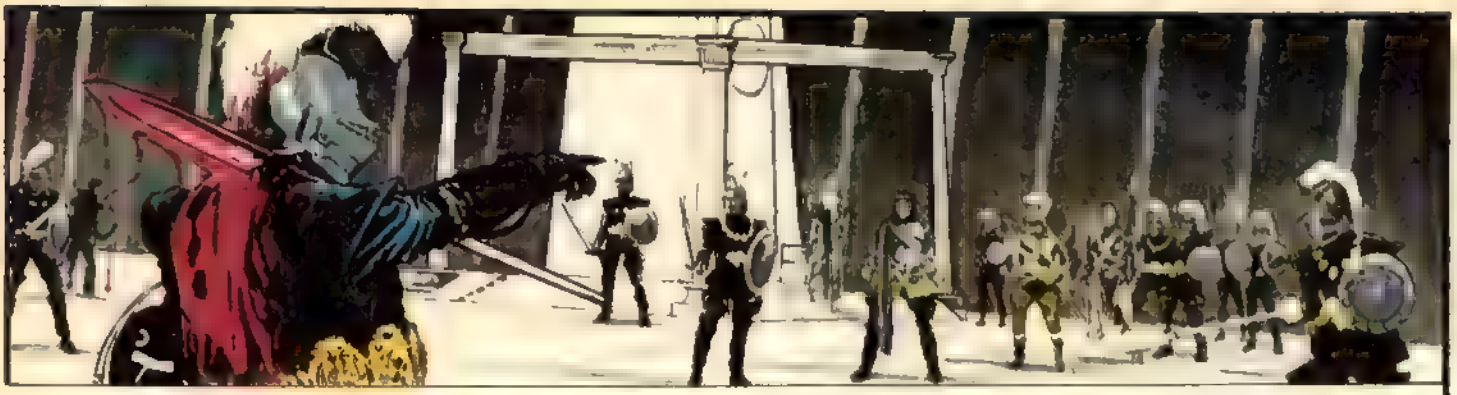


Ahhhh, I see them, I see them...they call to me. I knew in my hour of great need they would come to my aid. They are strong...mighty warriors. Ahhhh...even now I gaze upon them.

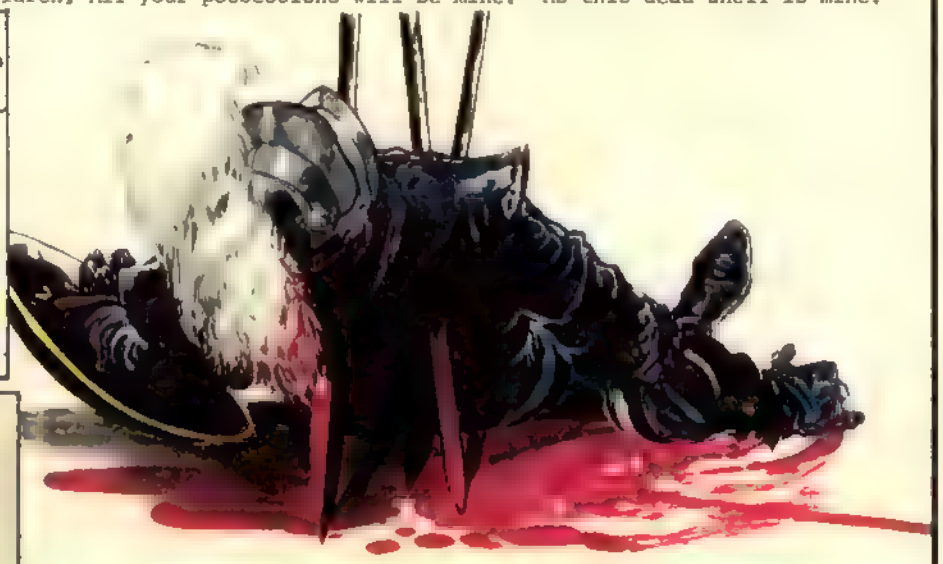


You are not my son. Your mother was common....She ...she tricked me.... I...I did not bed her....
And your birth brought about that which I desired most-- her death!

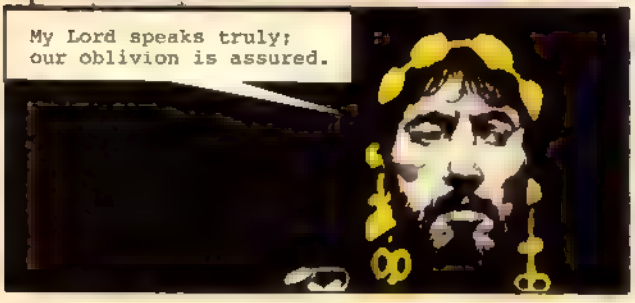
# WORLD APART BY E.E. DAVIS



Heh, heh...look you upon them....Isss it not a pretty sssite to behold? They grieve for thisss warrior ssslain. Be not sssad, he isss mine now, forever and forever. Rissss sssoul screams in agony. And soon you and yourssss will alssso sssing my sssweet refrain of horror and death. I use this body to point the way, this voice to speak. I will have you all in my power. I will have your precious Golden City, your woman, your children. All your possessions will be mine. As this dead shell is mine!



You have earned your freedom, pale one. But as you can see, your fate is now the same as ours.



No! I see it now. My sons speak to me from the void. I will gather my armies! We march upon the morn! As the dawn breaks, we shall achieve final victory. We shall prevail over darkness itself.

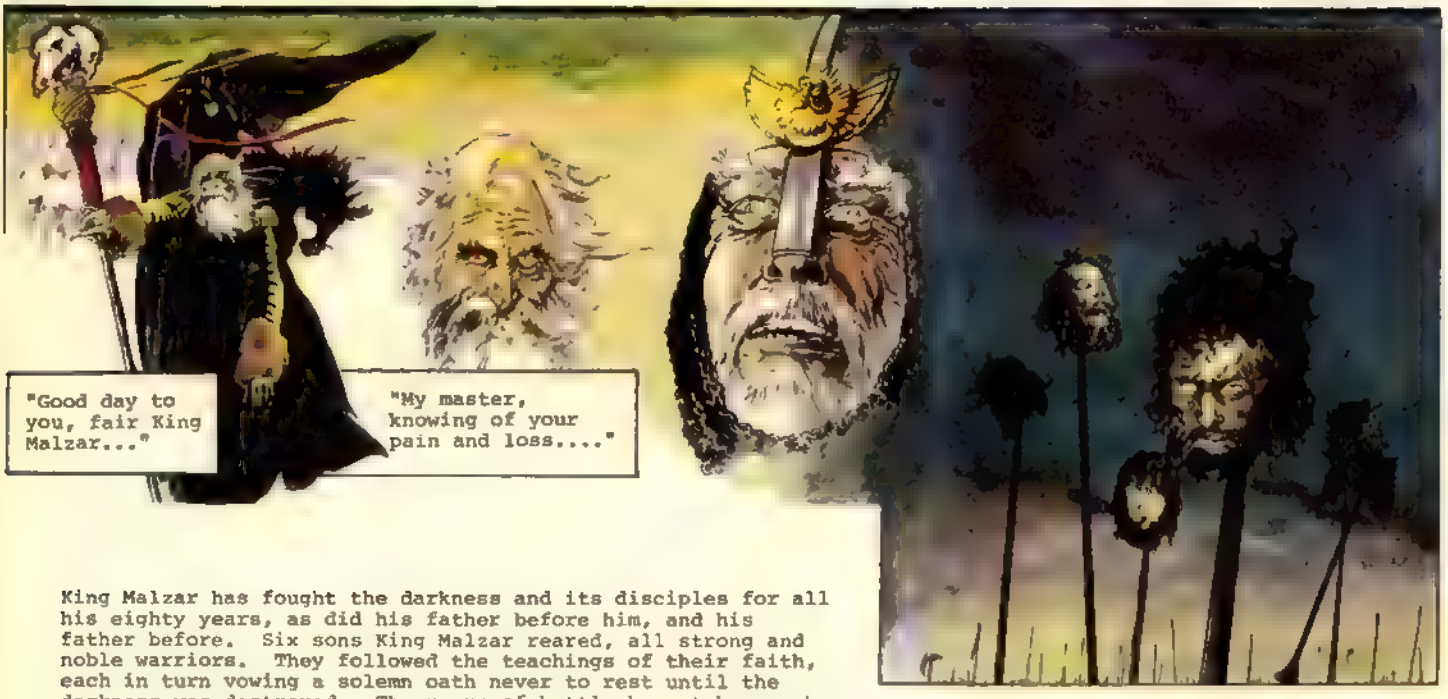
AND IN THE MISTY MORNING LIGHT, THE CITY GATES OPEN. RIDING OUT IS AN ARMY TEN THOUSAND STRONG. THE BLOOD-RED BANNER OF THE AGED KING WEAVES PROUDLY IN THE BREEZE.

GRIM ARE THE FACES OF THE MEN, KNOWING THAT THEY RIDE TO THEIR DOOM.

KING MALZAR'S ROYAL BODYGUARD RIDES IN THE VANGUARD.

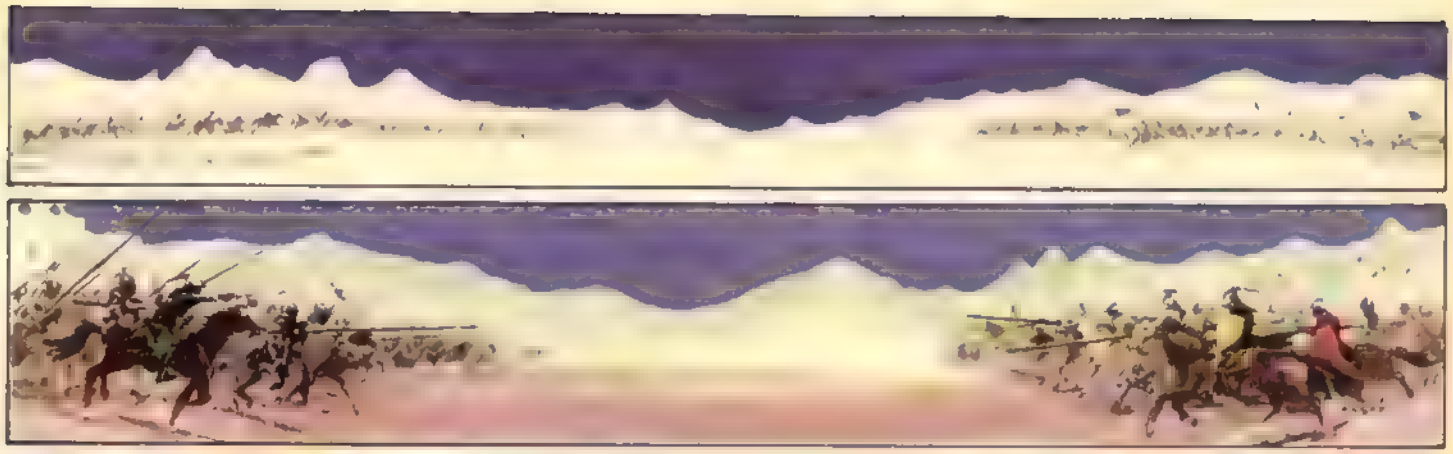
THE VALLEY OF RODON. THE ICY WALLS OF ITS SHEER CLIFFS CHILL THE SOUL. AND THE DARKNESS BEYOND WILL SOON ENGULF ALL IN ITS PATH.

FROM THE CORNERS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WORLD, THE DARK ONE HAS GATHERED HIS MINIONS.
EACH MAN MUST GO HIS OWN WAY....
ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE!
BE HE KING, PRINCE, OR LORD...
TO LOOK UPON THE ULTIMATE EVIL...
AND STAND STEADFAST, SWORD IN HAND...
THOUGH FEAR GRIP YOUR HEART...

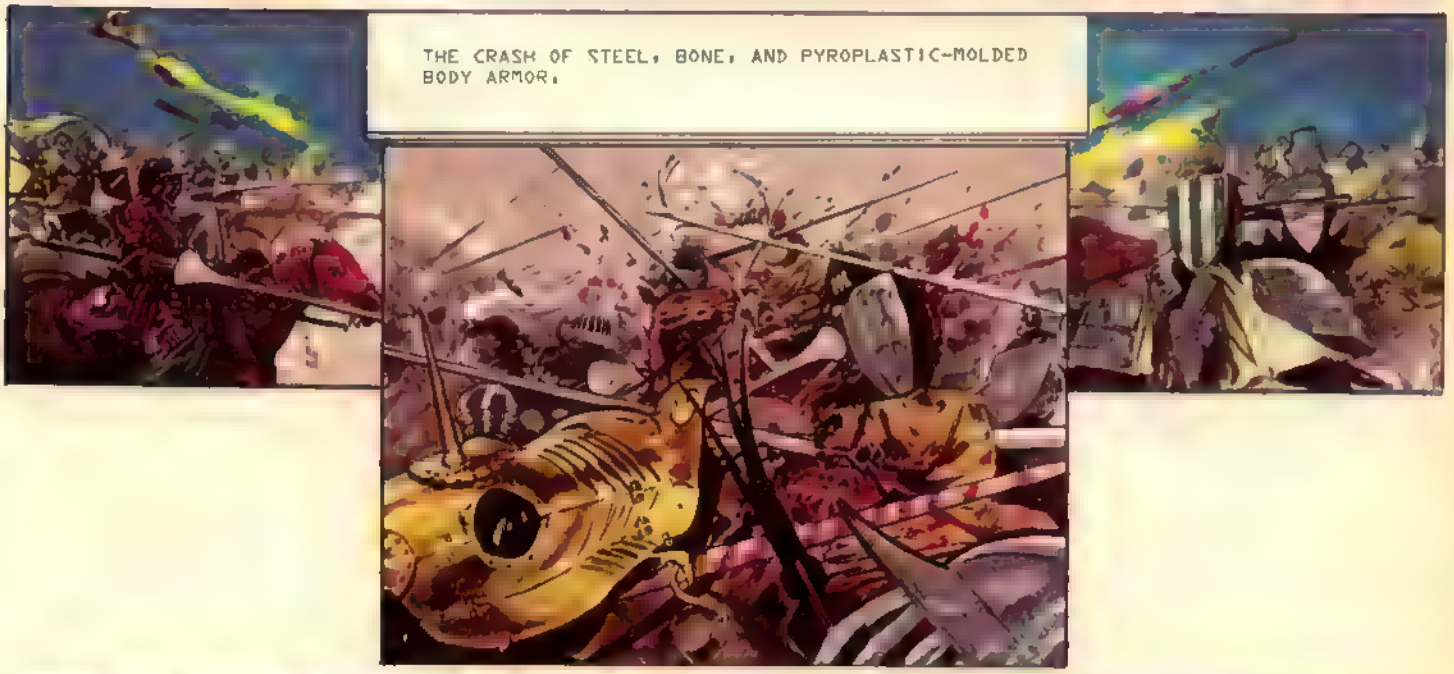



King Malzar has fought the darkness and its disciples for all his eighty years, as did his father before him, and his father before. Six sons King Malzar reared, all strong and noble warriors. They followed the teachings of their faith, each in turn vowing a solemn oath never to rest until the darkness was destroyed. The years of battle have taken each prince to his death. Their bodies were never recovered.

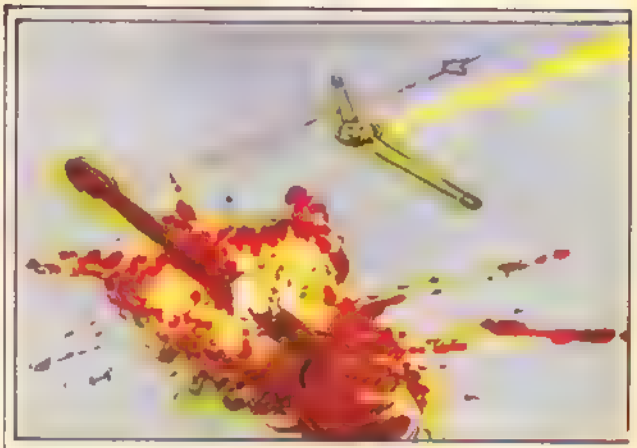
"...has bid me return to you that which was torn so cruelly from your breast. Good king, we return your sons."



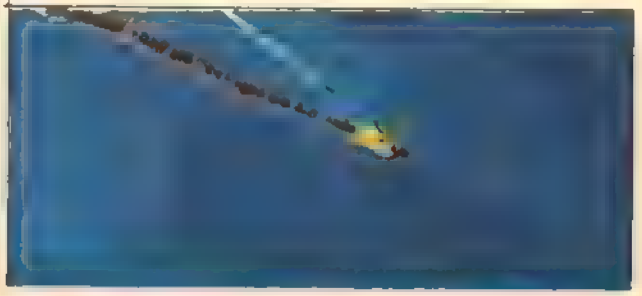




SKY CRUISERS SCREAMING FROM THE SKY STRAFE FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE.



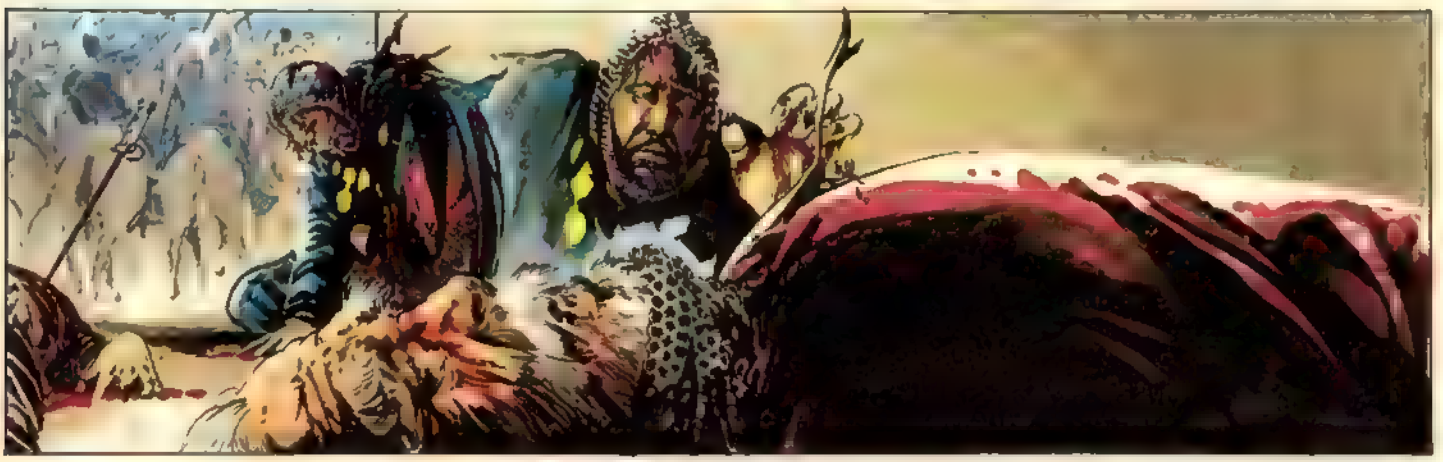
A DIRECT HIT FROM THE DARK ONE'S AERO-DRONE EXPLODES THE GOLDEN CITY'S ONLY SKY DEFENSE.



NOW THE GROUND FORCES QUICKLY MOVE TO THE ATTACK. THE EVIL ONE'S MINIONS SWARM IN A BLACKENING WAVE, ENGULFING THE SLOWER-MOVING ARMY OF KING MALZAR....
STRIKING OUT IN ENCIRCLING COLUMNS, THE EVIL HORDE IN ONE STROKE CUTS THE ARMY OF SIRUS IN HALF.
KING MALZAR'S BODYGUARDS FIGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS TO PROTECT THEIR KING.
LORD GARIN LEADS THE CUT-OFF REMNANT OF HIS CAVALRY IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO REJOIN THE MAIN FORCE....
NOW THE EVIL ONE'S MOTORIZED CANNON COMES INTO PLAY, BLASTING GREAT HOLES IN LORD GARIN'S FORMATION UNTIL HIS MAIN FORCE BREAKS AND IS CUT TO PIECES BY FOOTFIGHTERS ARMED WITH AUTOFIRE.

EACH CHARGE IS MET BY SCREAMING AUTOFIRE. BEASTS ARE CUT DOWN AND THEIR RIDERS DROWN UNDER FLASHING BLADES.
ON THE GROUND, SIRUS'S ONLY MOTORIZED CANNON IS DESTROYED BY AN AERO-CRUISER.
SUDDENLY, THE SKY IS BLACK WITH BIRDS. WAVE AFTER WAVE OF SIRUS WARRIORS FALL SCREAMING, CLUTCHING THEIR THROATS AS IF FOR BREATH.
KING MALZAR'S BODYGUARD HAS BEEN DEFEATED, AND LORD GARIN IS WITNESS AS HIS FATHER IS SLAIN. A RED STAIN COMES BEFORE GARIN'S EYES, BLINDING HIM TO ALL ELSE.

DESPERATE, GARIN SLASHES HIS WAY THROUGH, IN A MAD ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS FATHER. WOUNDED, NEAR DEATH, HE DRAGS HIMSELF THE LAST FEW FEET....



"Father...father...can you hear me? Speak to me! We are near death, you and I. Speak to me of your devotion, tell me now at last that which I have waited to hear...."

"What...what is that, what was that...?"

"Bastard, you were born, bastard, you shall die... wheeze...."

TO BE CONTINUED...

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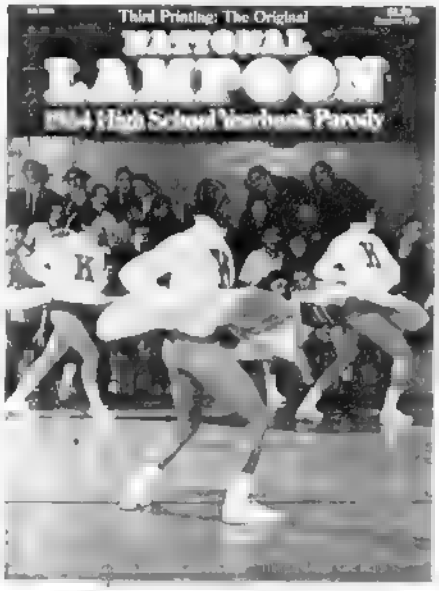


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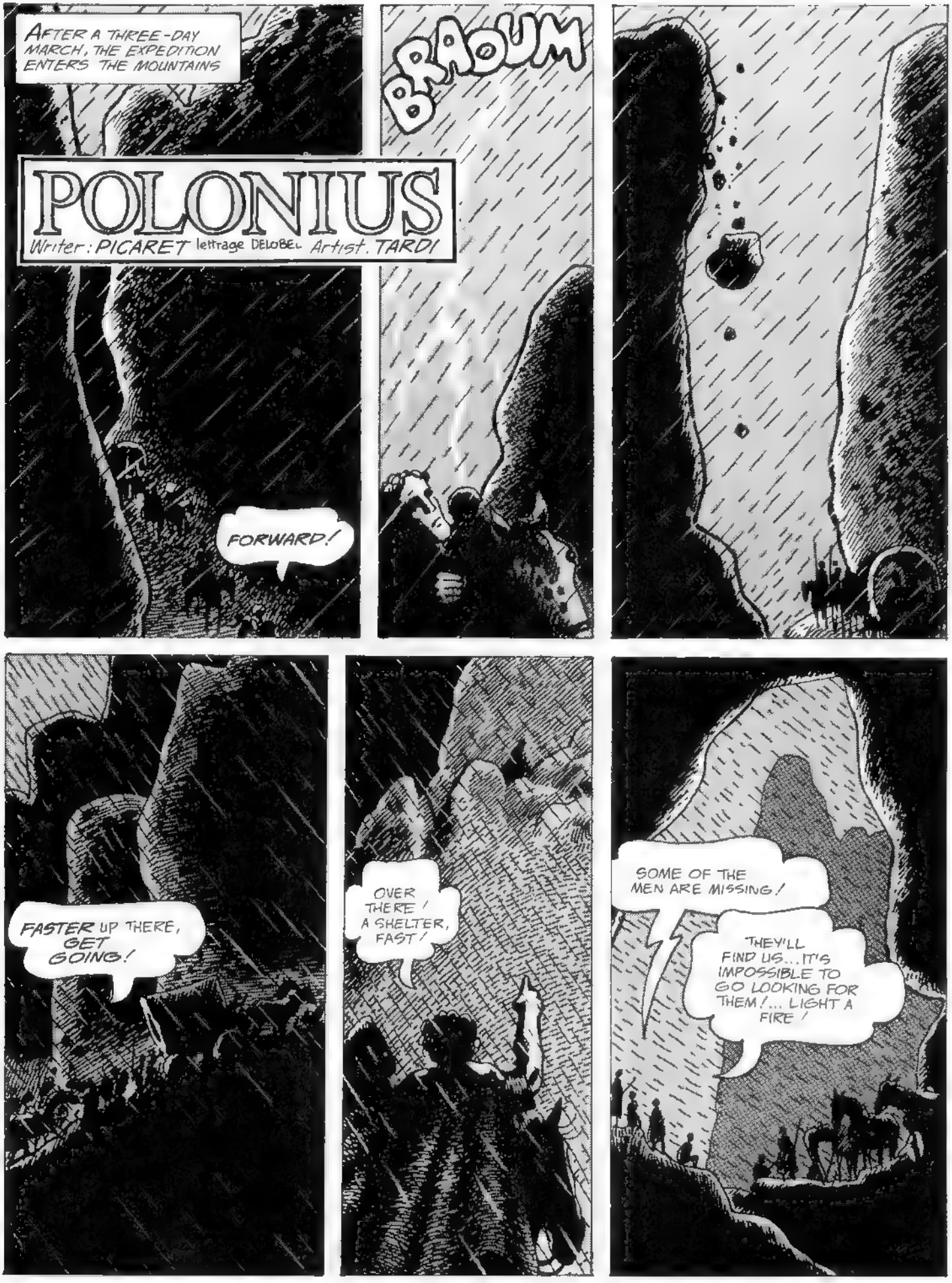
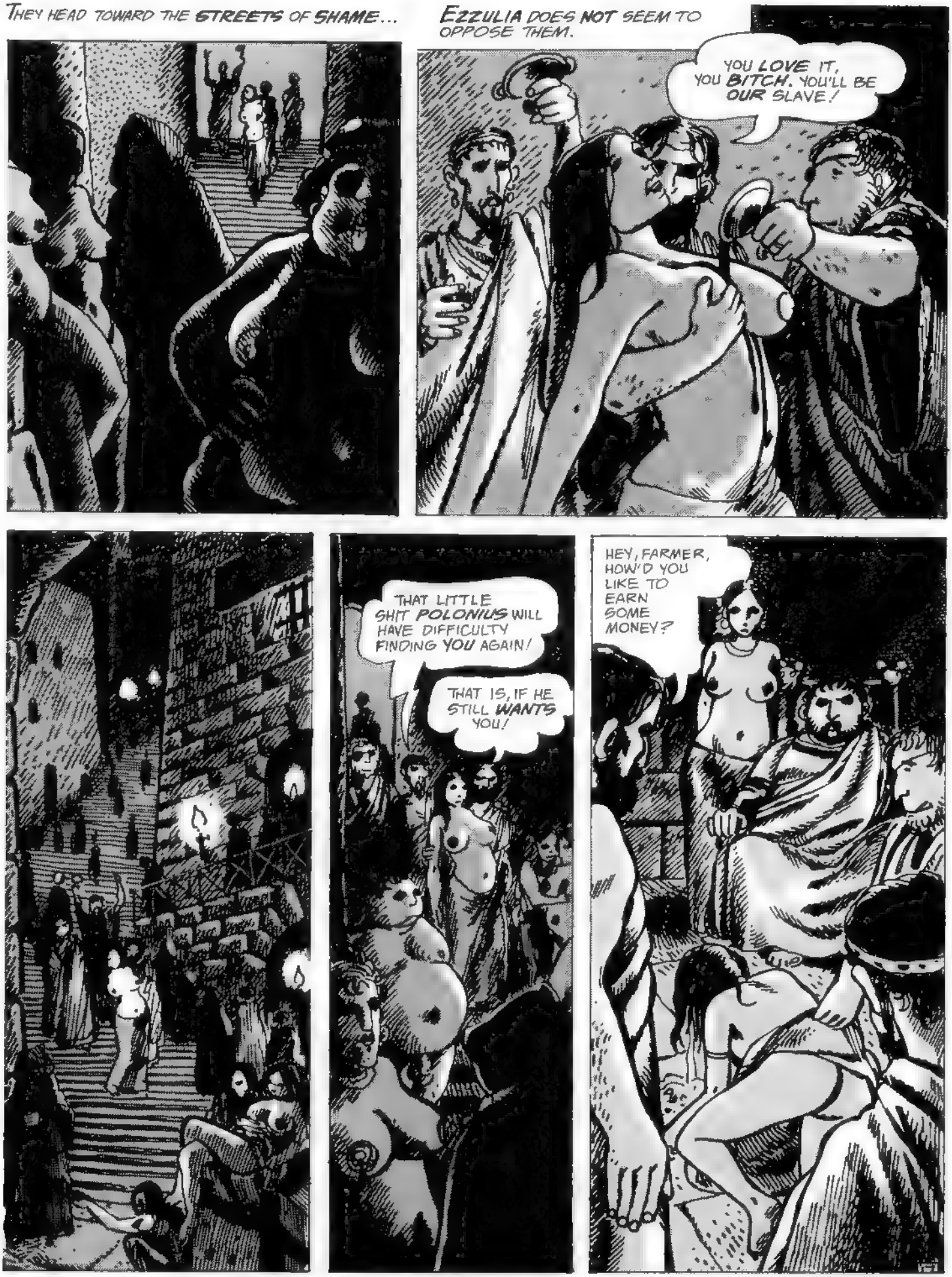

AFTER A THREE-DAY MARCH, THE EXPEDITION ENTERS THE MOUNTAINS
POLONIUS
Writer: PICARET lettrage DELOBEL Artist: TARDI
FORWARD!
BRAOUM
FASTER UP THERE, GET GOING!
OVER THERE! A SHELTER, FAST!
SOME OF THE MEN ARE MISSING!
THEY'LL FIND US... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GO LOOKING FOR THEM!... LIGHT A FIRE!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHILE THE TROOP IS SLEEPING
POLONIUS!
WHO IS IT?
HOW DID YOU GET IN?
LISTEN TO ME... THIS EXPEDITION THAT YOU HAVE ORGANIZED WITH CHIMOS, IN ORDER THAT YOU MIGHT RETURN COVERED IN GLORY, TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE PEOPLE OF RU AS ONE OF THEIR OWN, WILL BE A FAILURE..
YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE!
YOUR SUCCESS HAS COMPLETELY BEFUDDLED YOU. ONCE A WANDERER CONDEMNED TO PRISON, YOU BECAME THE PROTEGÉ OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL GENERALS OF RU... BUT TAKE CARE! RU IS STILL MORE CORRUPT THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.
THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I'M FIGHTING! FOR A CHANGE!
I BELIEVE YOU ARE SINCERE, BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING THEN YOU WILL SURELY LOSE YOUR ILLUSIONS.
LOOK RIGHT AT ME AND YOU WILL SEE WHAT IS TRANSPIRING WITH THE MAN YOU THOUGHT TO BE YOUR FRIEND! DO YOU KNOW THE WOMAN WITH WHOM THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES?
EZZULIA!

"DON'T THINK THAT THIS IS JUST A NIGHTMARE... IT'S ALL VERY REAL"
"EGYPIOS IS MAD WITH RAGE. HE WILL NOT PARDON YOU FOR ACTING WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE."
"AMONG THEM IS HYPPOKOS, 'THE CYCLOPS,' A DEGENERATE FROM COMMURGE..."
HA! HA! HA!


THEY HEAD TOWARD THE STREETS OF SHAME...
EZZULIA DOES NOT SEEM TO OPPOSE THEM.
YOU LOVE IT, YOU BITCH. YOU'LL BE OUR SLAVE!
THAT LITTLE SHIT POLONIUS WILL HAVE DIFFICULTY FINDING YOU AGAIN!
THAT IS, IF HE STILL WANTS YOU!
HEY, FARMER, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EARN SOME MONEY?

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD!
DIE!
HA!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE!
ABANDON IT ALL!
THE DESERT... RETURN TO THE DESERT!
SHOW YOURSELF! WHERE ARE YOU? ANSWER ME!
AAAR
AT DAWN, THE TROOP, LED BY CHIMOS AND POLONIUS, BEGAN THE LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY...
THE DESERT!
THAT NIGHTMARE THAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT, POLONIUS... TELL ME ONLY GOOD THINGS... EVERYTHING IS GOING BADLY... WE HAVE ALREADY LOST FIVE MEN. I'M UNEASY...
RUBBISH!
CHIMOS, COME HERE!
?

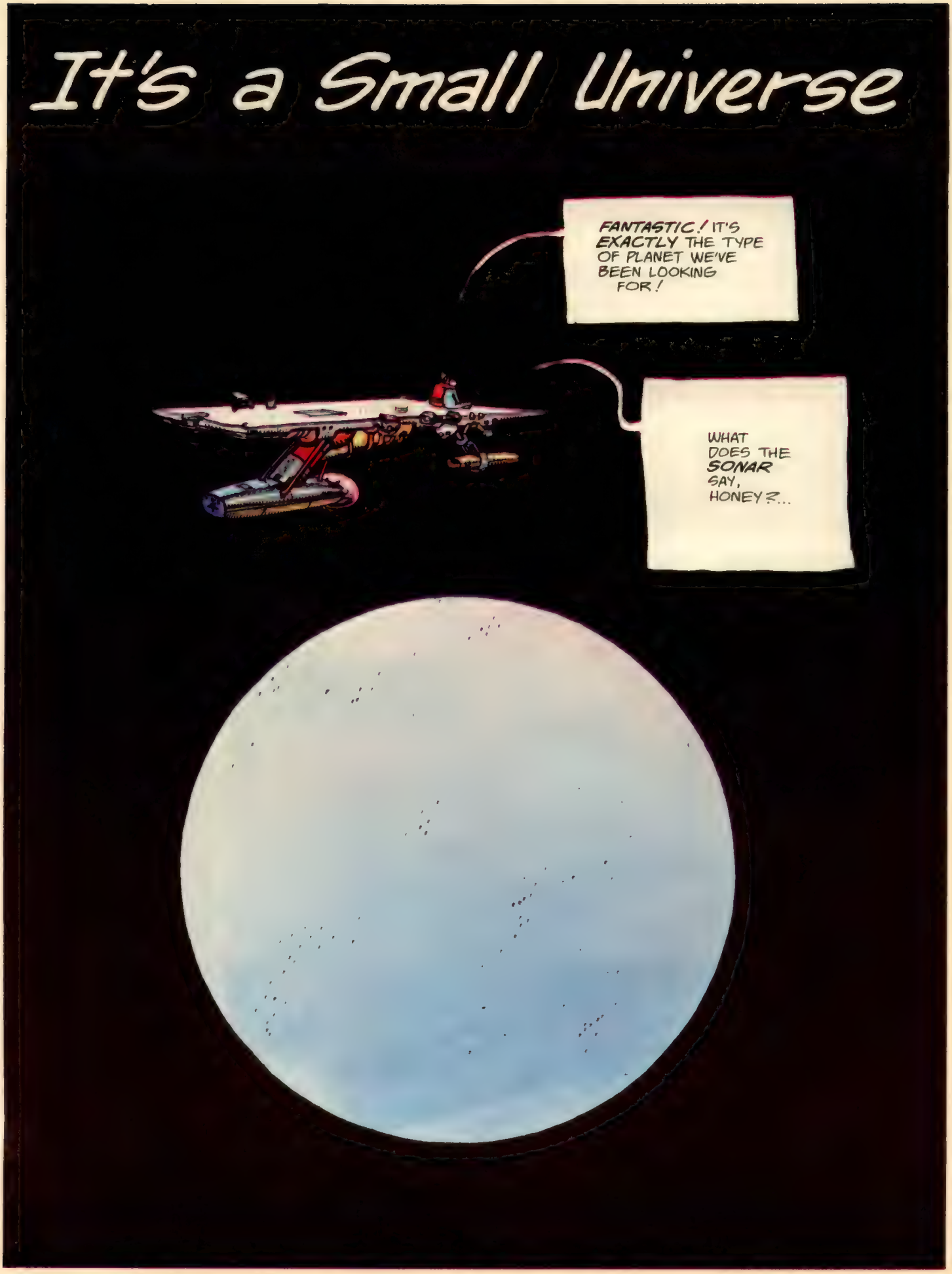
THIS PLACE CONFORMS TO THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO GAVE US THOSE OBJECTS!
WE ARE HERE!
I KNOW WE'VE FOUND IT. MAKE CAMP, AND BEGIN THE EXCAVATION IMMEDIATELY.
LOOK! WE ONLY NEED TO PICK THEM UP...THE CASES ARE CRAMMED FULL OF THEM...

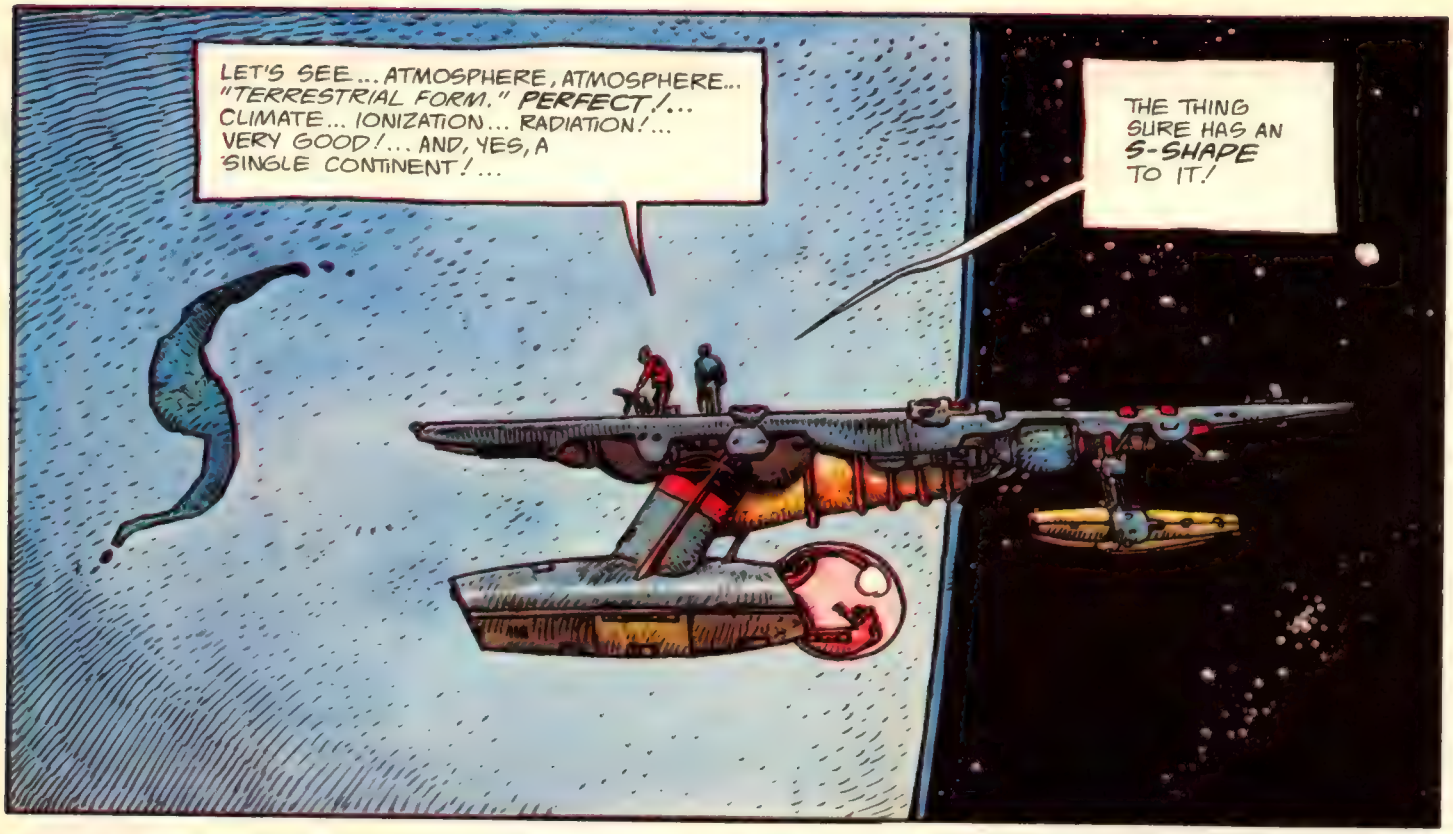
FAN-TASTIC!
THERE ARE THOU-SANDS OF THEM AND THEY ARE ALL EXACTLY THE SAME.
THE BEST CRAFTSMEN OF RU ARE INCAPABLE OF WORKING WITH IRON IN THIS MANNER.
THIS DISCOVERY MEANS REAL WEALTH! PERHAPS THE FUTURE OF RU IS IN OUR HANDS.
RU IS ONLY A DEGEN-ERATE BRANCH OF THE HUMAN SPECIES... BUT... IT MAY WELL BE THE LAST. IN WHICH CASE...
WHAT WE BRING BACK WILL OPEN THEIR EYES ONCE AND FOR ALL!...
TO WORK!
AT THE END OF A WEEK OF SEARCH AND CLASSIFICATION, THEY BEGAN THE RETURN, CRUSHED BY THE UNBEARABLE HEAT, BUT WITH THE GOAL OF THEIR JOURNEY ATTAINED.

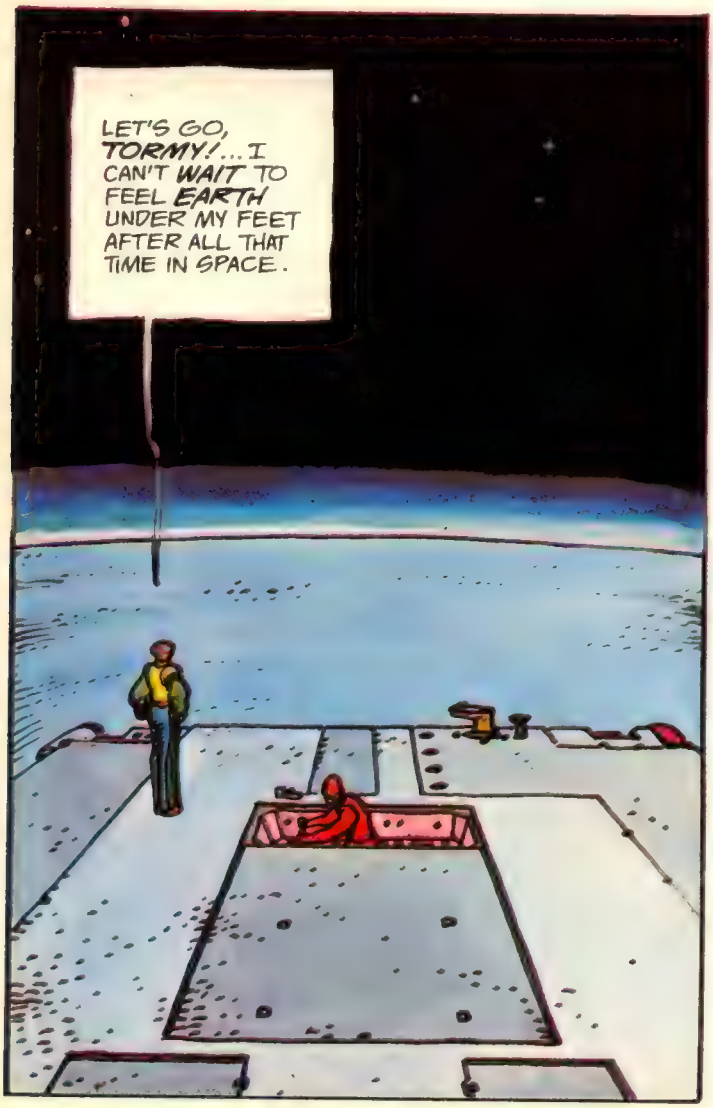
ARE YOU THINKING OF EXPLAINING YOUR PLANS TO THE PEOPLE OF RU?
NO... NOT FOR THE MOMENT, IT'S TOO SOON.
RU HAS FORGOTTEN ITS OWN PAST. IT'S UP TO US TO REDISCOVER IT, TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS COME TO PASS THERE.
AND THEN? WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?
LOOK! UP THERE!
?
KNOCK IT DOWN!
GRROOOAR
TCHAC

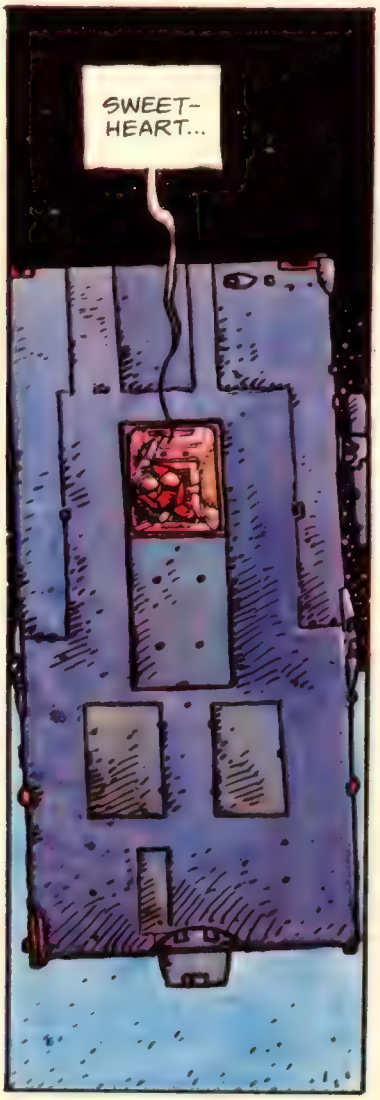
AAAA
IT'S ONE OF OUR MEN WHO WANDERED AWAY... WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
CLAWS!
HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A WILD BEAST.
WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE. THESE MOUNTAINS ARE CURSED.
COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, BUT CERTAIN OF WINNING THE FIRST VICTORY, THEY ENTERED RU AT DAWN.
To be continued...

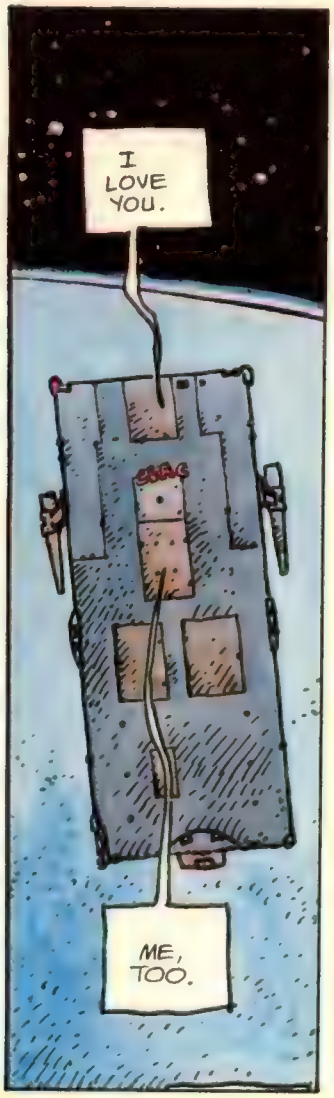
# It's a Small Universe

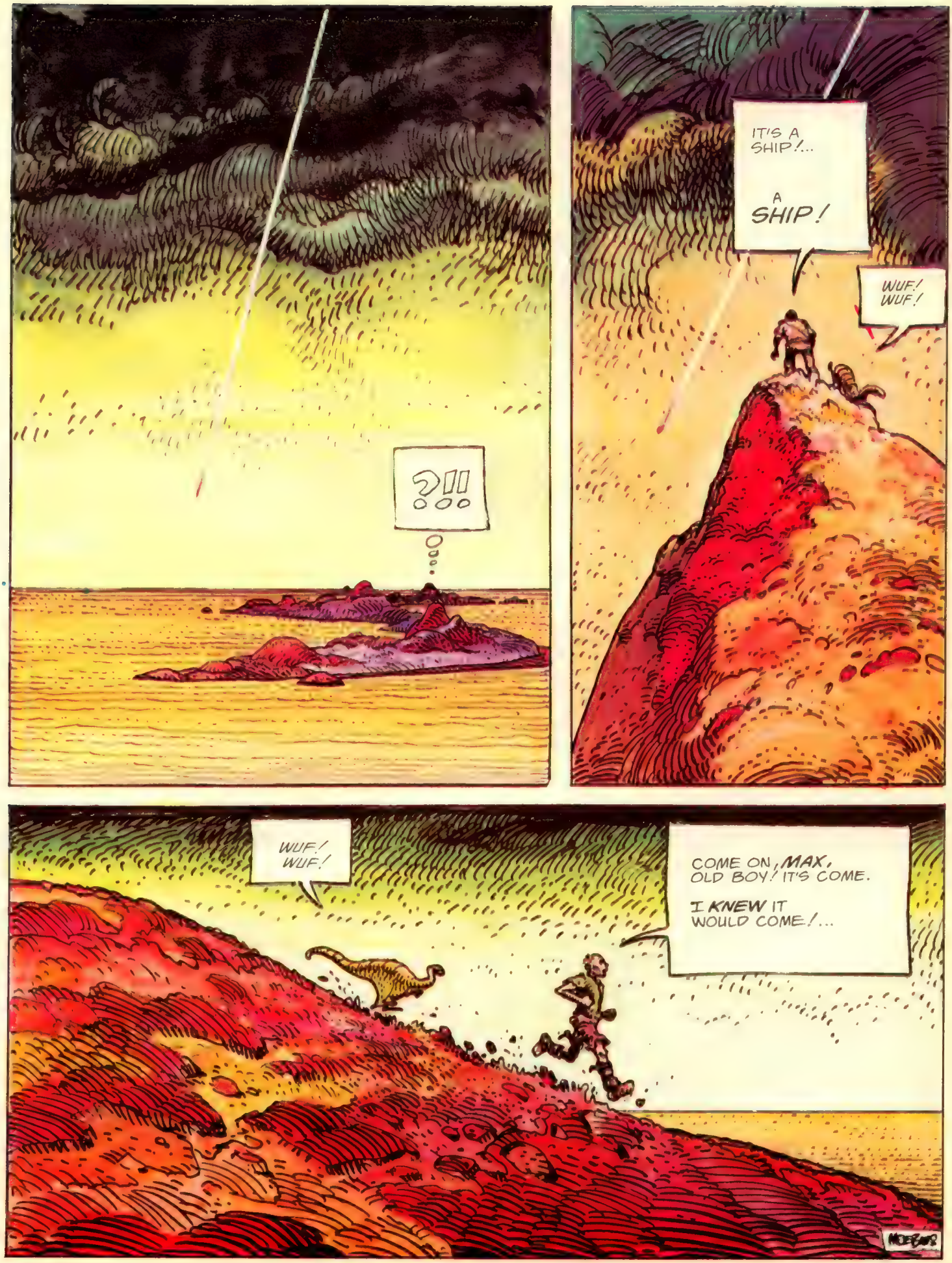


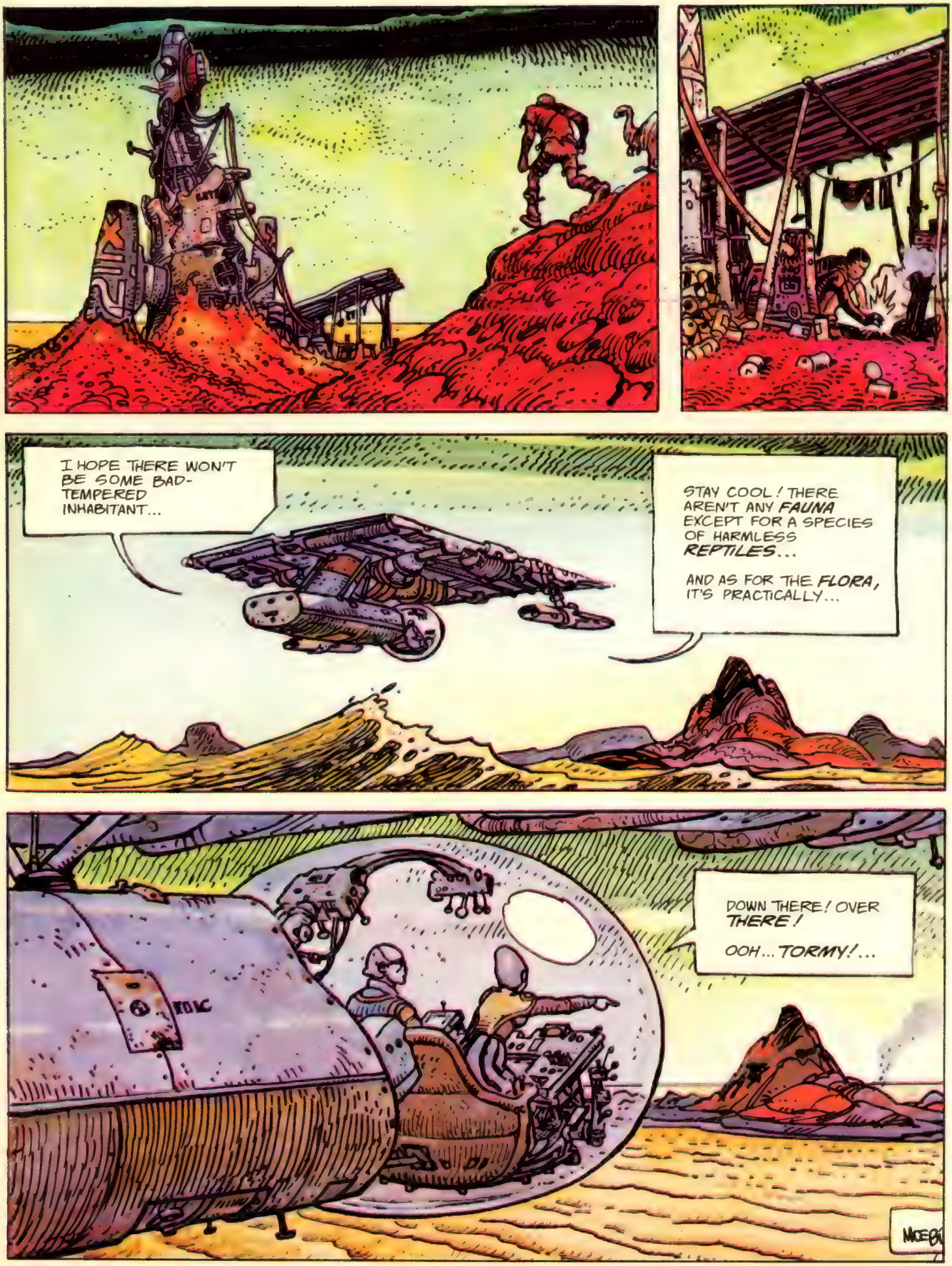

LET'S SEE... ATMOSPHERE, ATMOSPHERE... "TERRESTRIAL FORM." PERFECT!... CLIMATE... IONIZATION... RADIATION!... VERY GOOD!... AND, YES, A SINGLE CONTINENT!...
THE THING SURE HAS AN S-SHAPE TO IT!

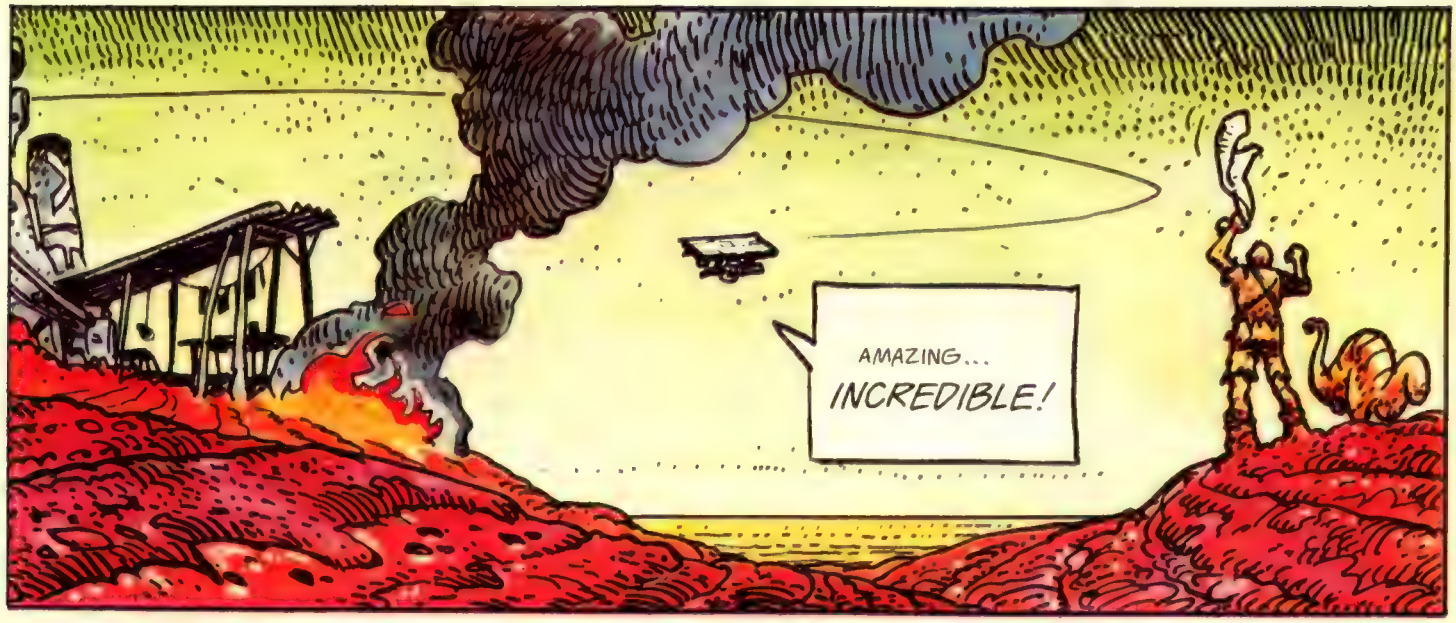

LET'S GO, TORMY!... I CAN'T WAIT TO FEEL EARTH UNDER MY FEET AFTER ALL THAT TIME IN SPACE.

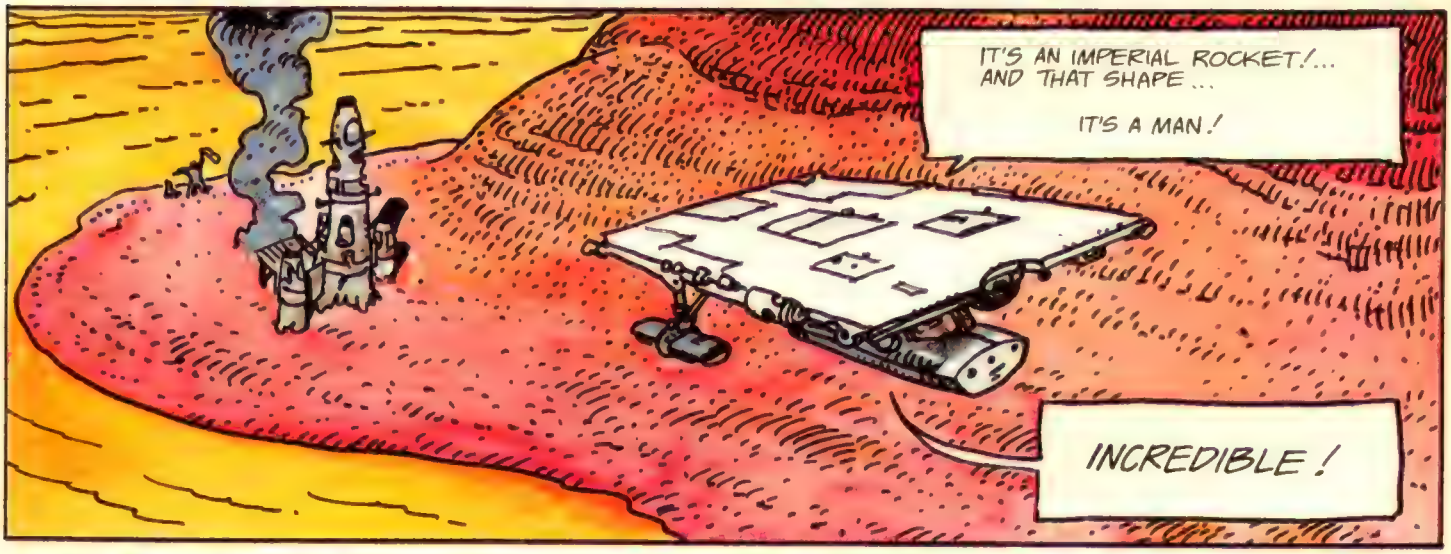

SWEET-HEART...

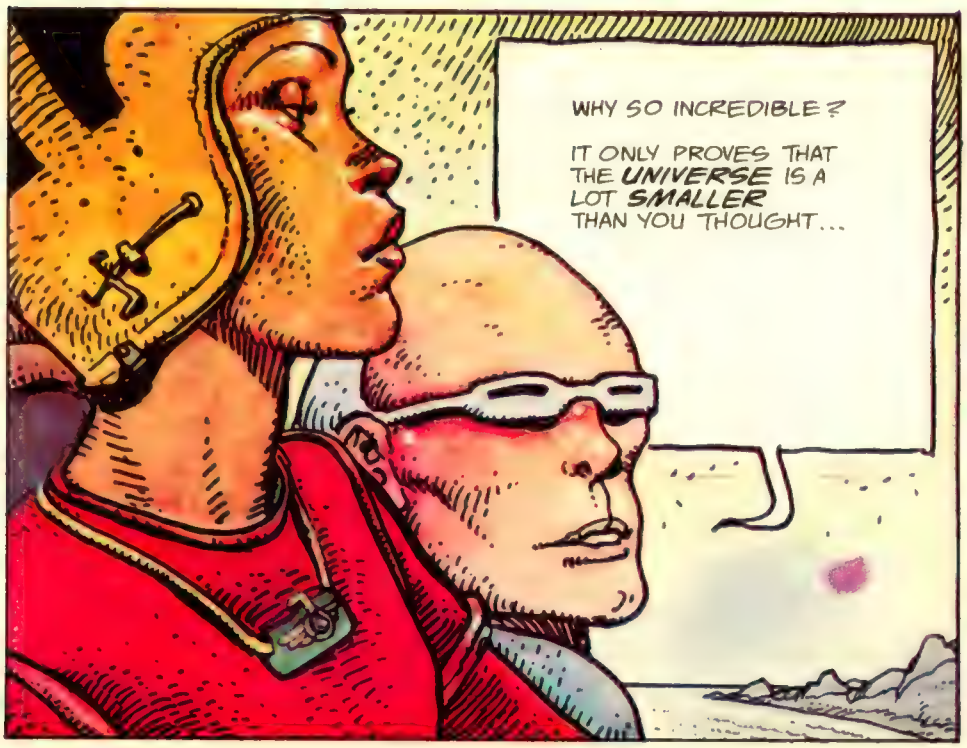

I LOVE YOU.
ME, TOO.


?!!
IT'S A SHIP!...
A SHIP!
WUF! WUF!
WUF! WUF!
COME ON, MAX, OLD BOY! IT'S COME.
I KNEW IT WOULD COME!...
MOEBIUS

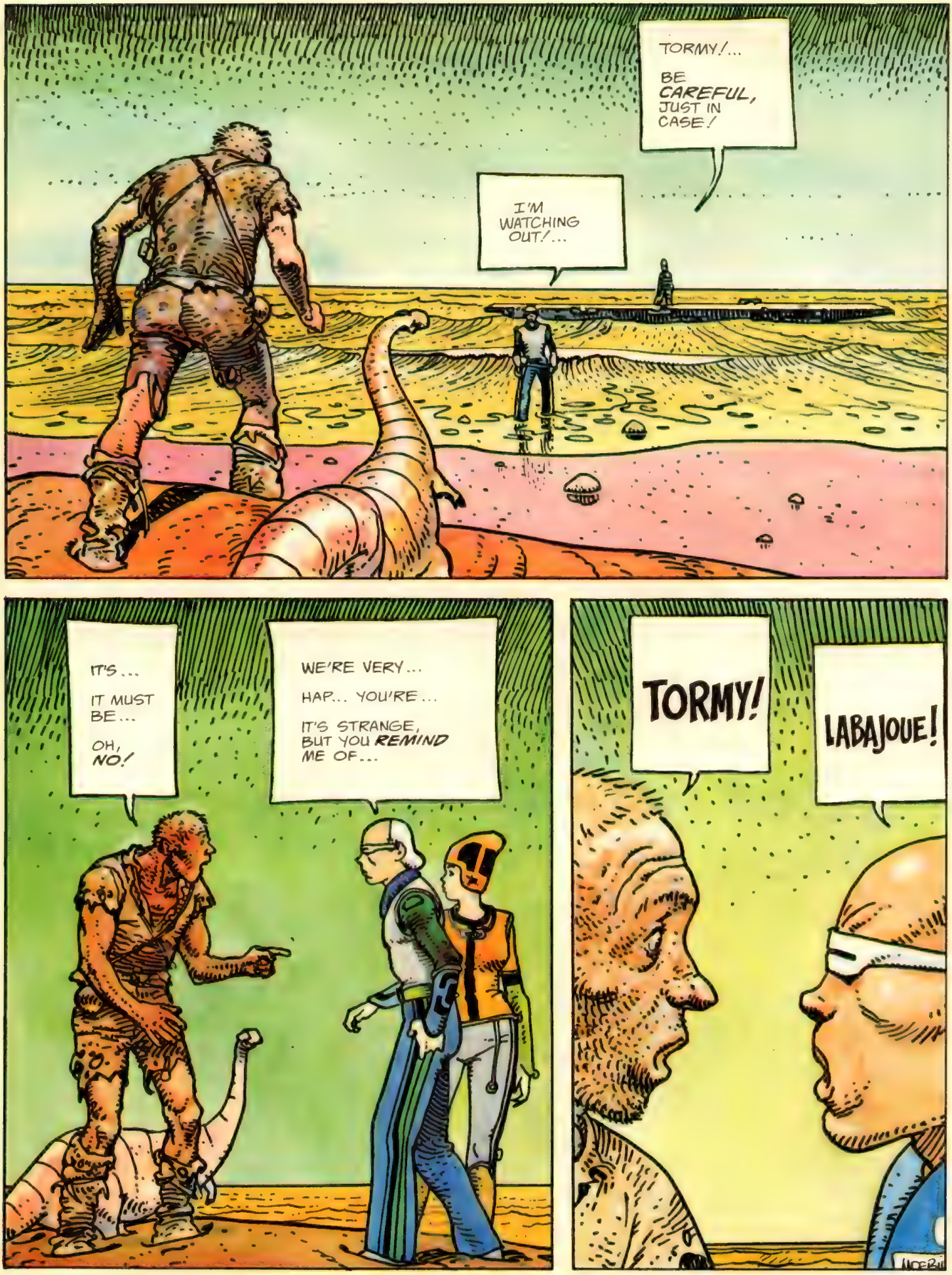

I HOPE THERE WON'T BE SOME BAD-TEMPERED INHABITANT...
STAY COOL! THERE AREN'T ANY FAUNA EXCEPT FOR A SPECIES OF HARMLESS REPTILES...
AND AS FOR THE FLORA, IT'S PRACTICALLY...
DOWN THERE! OVER THERE!
OOH... TORMY!...
MOEBIUS

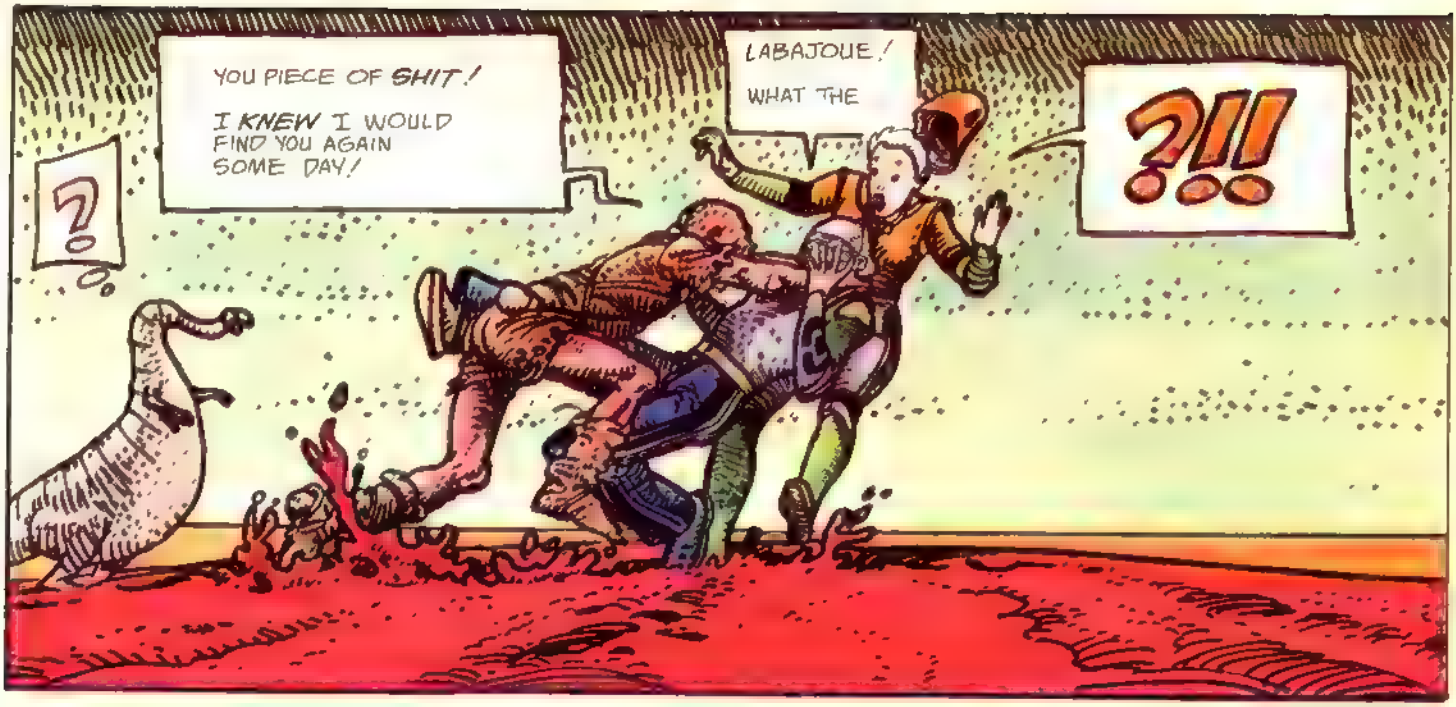

AMAZING...
INCREDIBLE!

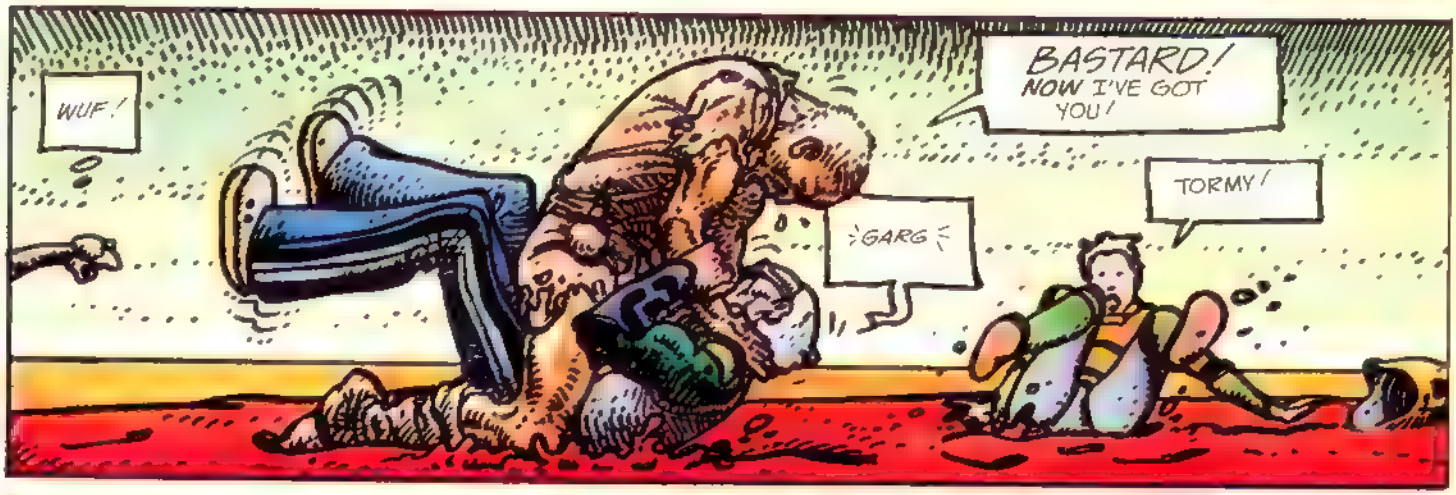

IT'S AN IMPERIAL ROCKET!... AND THAT SHAPE...
IT'S A MAN!
INCREDIBLE!


WHY SO INCREDIBLE?
IT ONLY PROVES THAT THE UNIVERSE IS A LOT SMALLER THAN YOU THOUGHT...

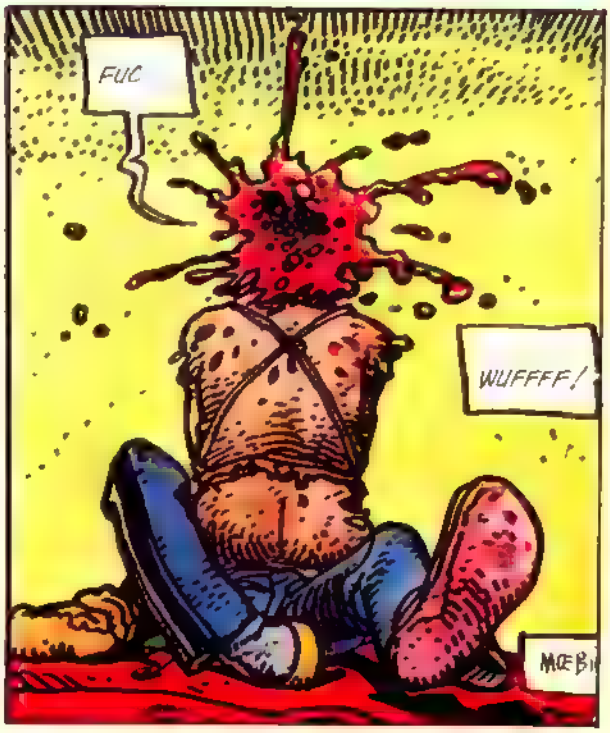
HE SAW THE SMOKE!... MAX!... WE'RE SAVED!...
WUF!
WUF!
MOEBIUS

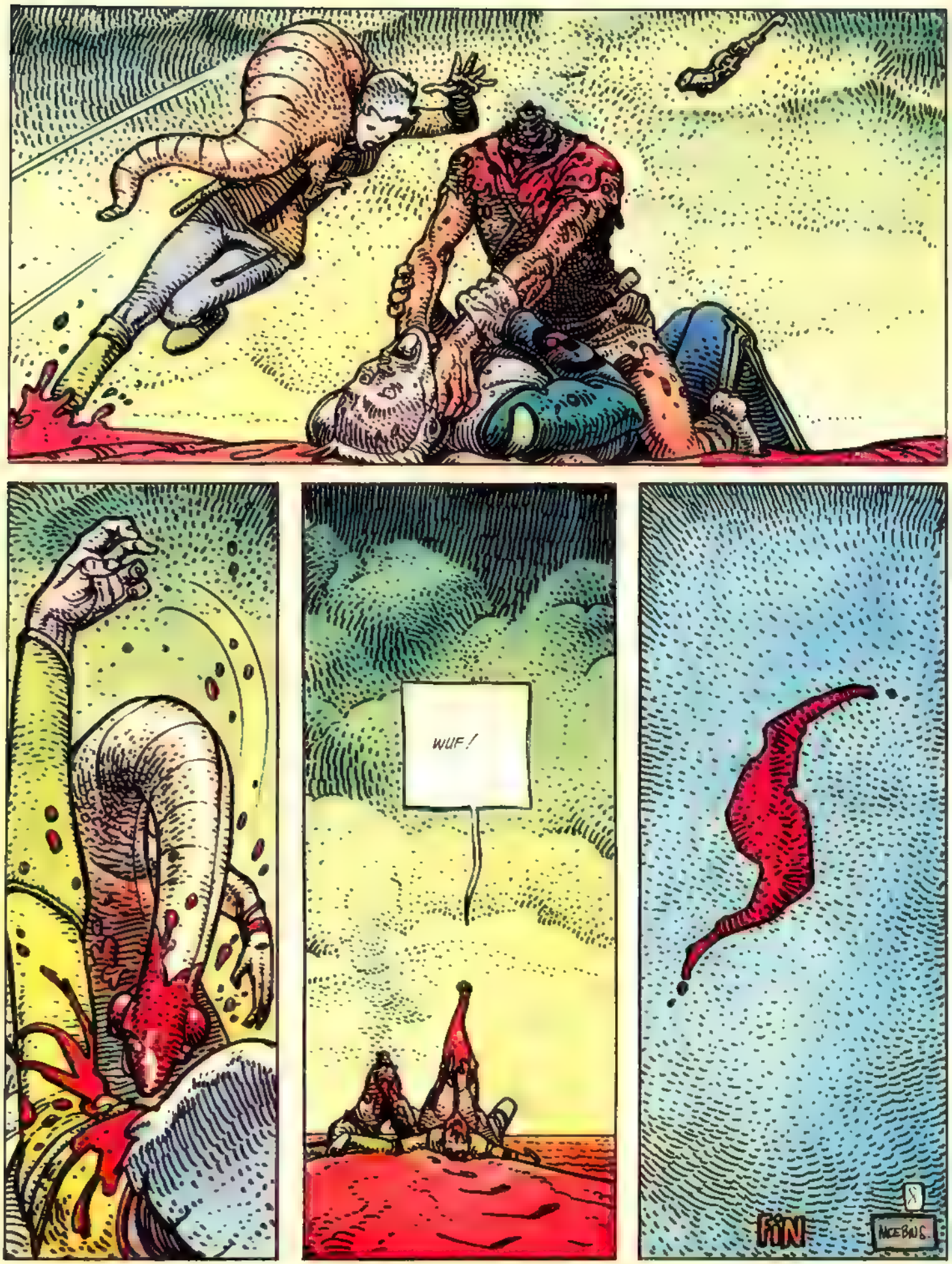

TORMY!... BE CAREFUL, JUST IN CASE!
I'M WATCHING OUT!...
IT'S... IT MUST BE... OH, NO!
WE'RE VERY... HAP... YOU'RE... IT'S STRANGE, BUT YOU REMIND ME OF...
TORMY!
LABAJOUE!
MOEBIUS

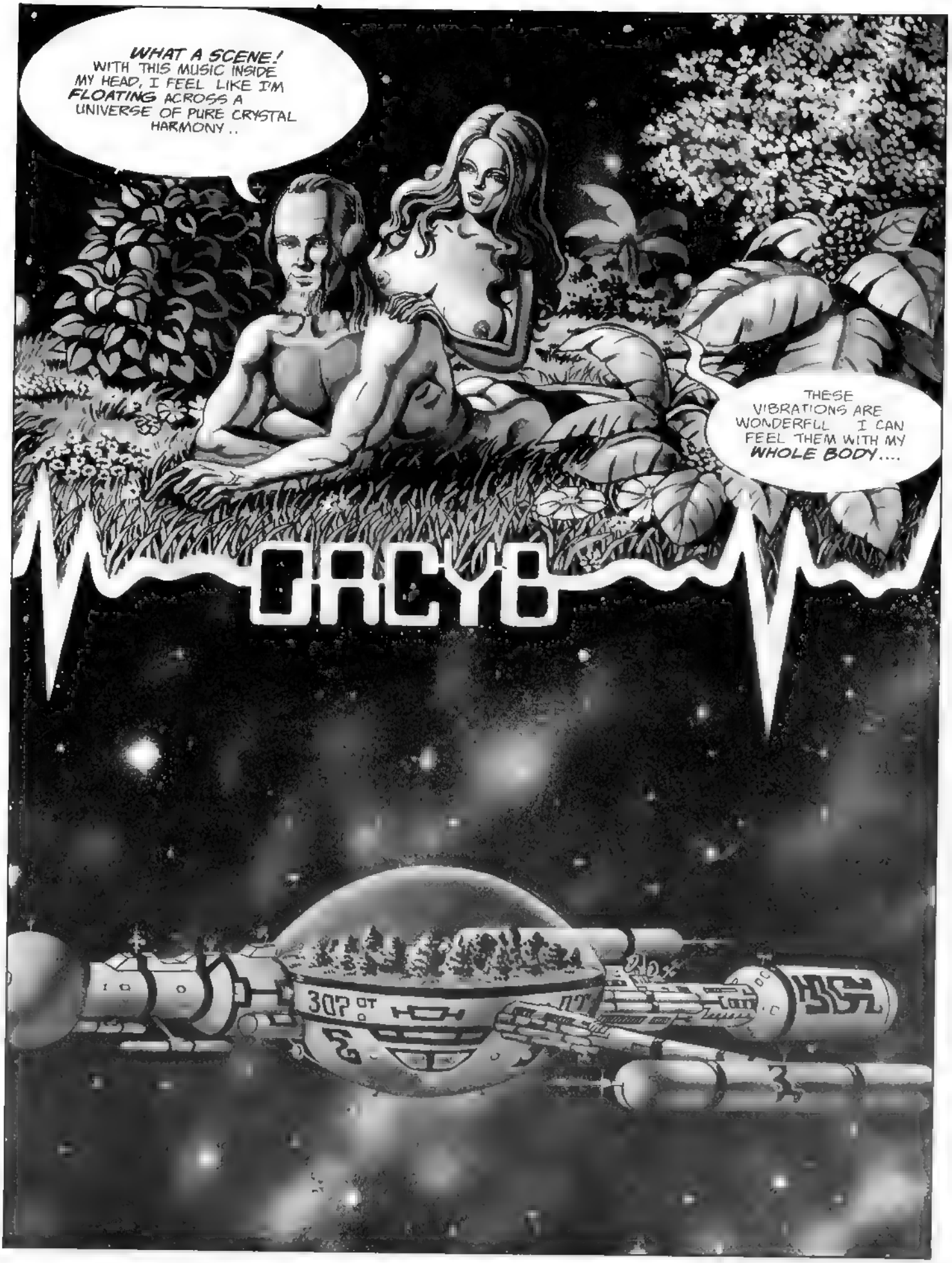

?
YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
I KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU AGAIN SOME DAY!
LABAJOUE!
WHAT THE
?!!


WUF!
BASTARD! NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
TORMY!
GARG

STOP!
STOP!
OR I'LL KILL YOU!
FUCKER! YOU FUCKER!


FUC
WUFFFF!
MŒBI

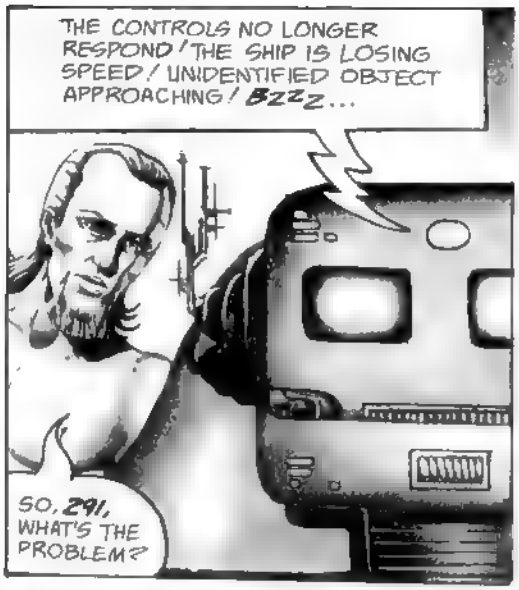

WUF!
FIN
MOEBIUS


WHAT A SCENE! WITH THIS MUSIC INSIDE MY HEAD, I FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING ACROSS A UNIVERSE OF PURE CRYSTAL HARMONY..
THESE VIBRATIONS ARE WONDERFUL I CAN FEEL THEM WITH MY WHOLE BODY....
ORGY

IT'S A TERRIFIC LITTLE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, ISN'T IT? THE RADIATION FROM THE STARS AND PLANETS IS PICKED UP ON AN ANTENNA SYSTEM WHICH SYNTHESIZES IT INTO SOUND WAVES, AND HERE WE ARE TO ENJOY THE COSMIC SYMPHONY! WAIT 'TIL A PULSAR MAKES CONTACT
YES, THE HARMONY IS DIVINE... BUT I PREFER THE MUSICAL SYNTHESIS OF THE VIBRATIONS SENT BY THE FLOWERS... THEY SEEM . DEEPER TO ME, SOMEHOW
A MIX-DOWN OF THE ENERGIES FROM THE STARS AND THE FLOWERS WOULD MAKE TOTALLY FAR-OUT HARMONIES... IN COUNTERPOINT WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF OUR SHIP'S METAL, ELECTRICITY, FIRE, WATER, AND THE BIOLOGICAL RHYTHMS OF OUR OWN BODIES!.
. SO MANY NEW EXPERIENCES TO TRY! BUT HOW LONG BEFORE WE REACH YAMMA?
NOW, IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF DISTANCE, 'CAUSE WE'RE IN THE RIGHT SPATIAL ZONE... YOU KNOW THAT YAMMA IS LOCATED ON THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PLANE. WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR A SIGNAL, ACCORDING TO OUR PRE-PROGRAMMING
IT'S THRILLING TO KNOW THAT WE WERE CHOSEN TO GO TO YAMMA! THE MYTHIC GALACTIC CONFEDERATION FROM WHERE THE COSMIC INTELLIGENCE DIRECTS THE DESTINY OF MANKIND, AND . HUMMM ..
ATTENTION! REPORT TO THE NAVIGATION ROOM!
I WONDER HOW HE WILL REACT TO THE TWO OF US, NAKED NEANDERTHALS IN THE COSMOS?

WHAT'S HAPPENING, 291?
O.V.N.I. SIGNAL ON SCREEN. COORDINATES AT POSITION KY4 P16-X6!
THAT THING IS MOVING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED!
WE'D BETTER MAKE RADIO CONTACT...
THIS IS TIME VESSEL ALPHA Z 408! WE ARE PRELIMINARY CONTACT UPON YOUR ENTRANCE INTO THE PARALLEL ZONE ON THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PLANE OF YAMMA! YOUR NEUROLOGICAL CODES ARE IN THE PROCESS OF BEING ANALYZED AND LOGGED FOR THE PURPOSES OF FUTURE PROGRAMMING!
OH!

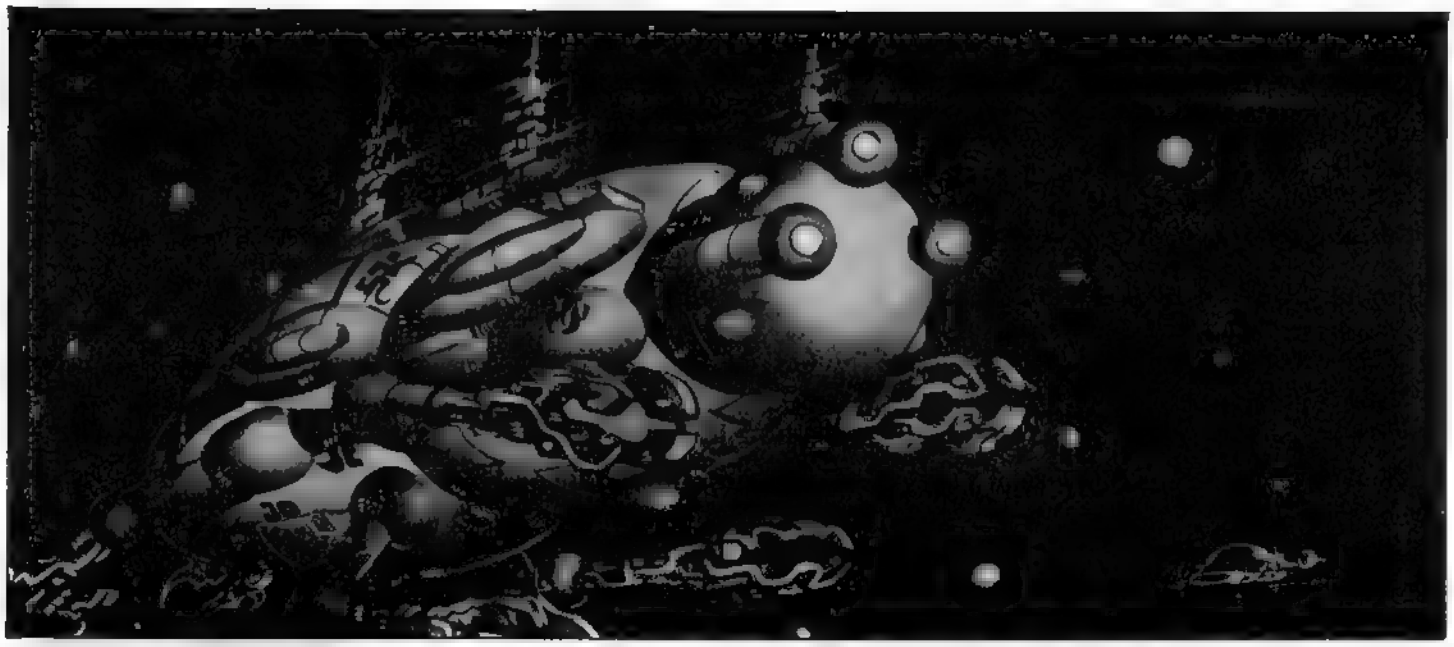
IT'S COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!
REALLY WEIRD!
NOW THAT YAMMA KNOWS ABOUT OUR PRESENCE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE SUN! THAT TELEPATHIC EMISSION HAS OPENED NEW MENTAL CIRCUITS FOR ME! 291, PREPARE TO REGISTER YOURSELF FOR NEW PROGRAMMING ..
SINCE WE LEFT THE EARTH, OUR PSYCHIC FACULTIES, WHICH HAD BEEN PREVIOUSLY CONTACTED, HAVE BEEN OUR ONLY MEANS OF NAVIGATION. AND NOW I FEEL THAT THE DOOR TO TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH YAMMA CAN BE FOUND ONLY IN THE SOLAR ORBIT.. WE HAVE TO GO SLOWLY, AND WAIT FOR ANOTHER SIGNAL ..
ATTENTION! 291 HERE! EMERGENCY! ATTENTION! EMERGENCY!
WE'RE VERY NEAR MERCURY, AND THE TEMPERATURE IS ALREADY RISING... I HOPE THAT AH!


THE CONTROLS NO LONGER RESPOND! THE SHIP IS LOSING SPEED! UNIDENTIFIED OBJECT APPROACHING! BZZZZ...
SO, 291, WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

GREAT JUPITER! A MAGNETIC FIELD HAS PARALYZED OUR SHIP! AND THAT THING OUT THERE IS CLOSING FAST!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT DOESN'T RESPOND TO THE RADIO SIGNAL!

DRCYB



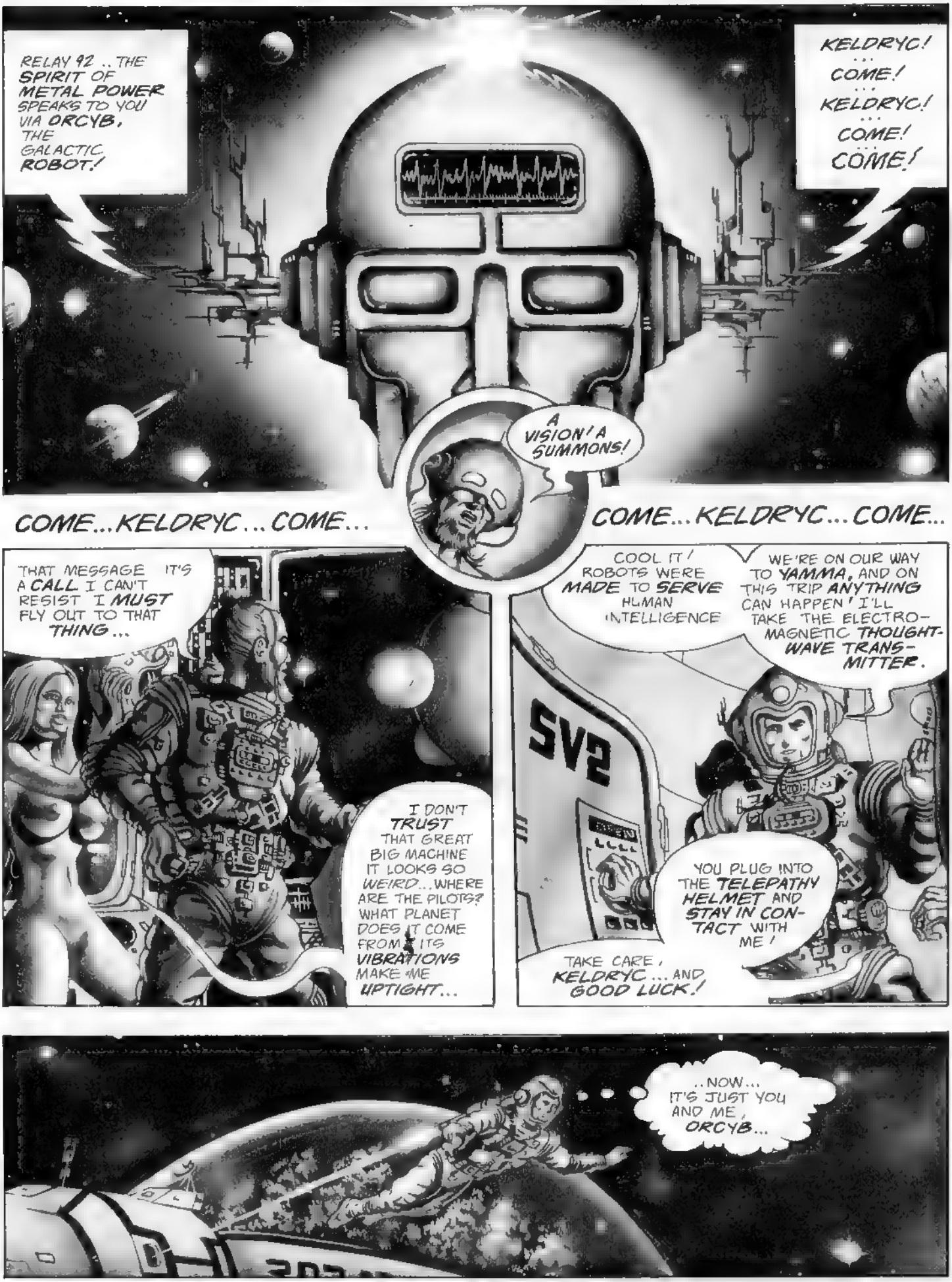
HOLY SPACE! WHERE DID THAT METAL MONSTER COME FROM? IT'S TERRIFYING!
ITS FORCE FIELD IS HOLDING OUR SHIP! THE BASTARDS!

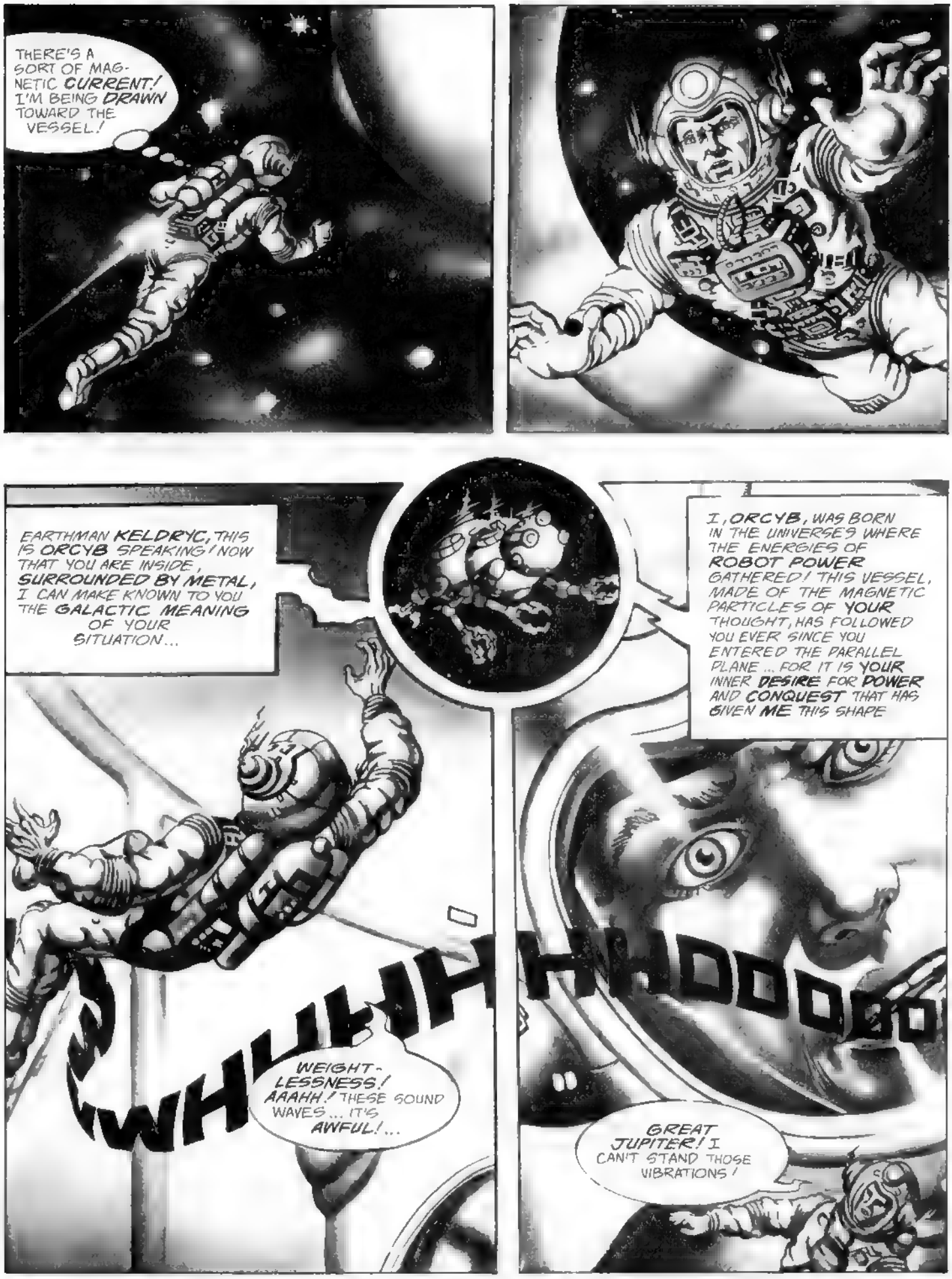
IT'S STAYING THERE. I CAN'T RAISE THEM ON THE RADIO. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
THE TELEPATHY HELMET! QUICK!

TEMPERATURE, PULSE RATE, HEART BEAT, RESPIRATION, ALL O.K YOU READY?
YES.. GO!

CONTACT!

.. BUT.. THIS IS FANTASTIC!


RELAY 92 .. THE SPIRIT OF METAL POWER SPEAKS TO YOU VIA ORCYB, THE GALACTIC ROBOT!
KELDRYC! ... COME! ... KELDRYC! ... COME! ... COME!
A VISION! A SUMMONS!
COME... KELDRYC... COME...
COME... KELDRYC... COME...
THAT MESSAGE IT'S A CALL I CAN'T RESIST I MUST FLY OUT TO THAT THING...
I DON'T TRUST THAT GREAT BIG MACHINE IT LOOKS SO WEIRD... WHERE ARE THE PILOTS? WHAT PLANET DOES IT COME FROM? ITS VIBRATIONS MAKE ME UPTIGHT...
COOL IT! ROBOTS WERE MADE TO SERVE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO YAMMA, AND ON THIS TRIP ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! I'LL TAKE THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC THOUGHT-WAVE TRANS-MITTER.
SV2
YOU PLUG INTO THE TELEPATHY HELMET AND STAY IN CONTACT WITH ME!
TAKE CARE, KELDRYC... AND GOOD LUCK!
..NOW... IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, ORCYB...

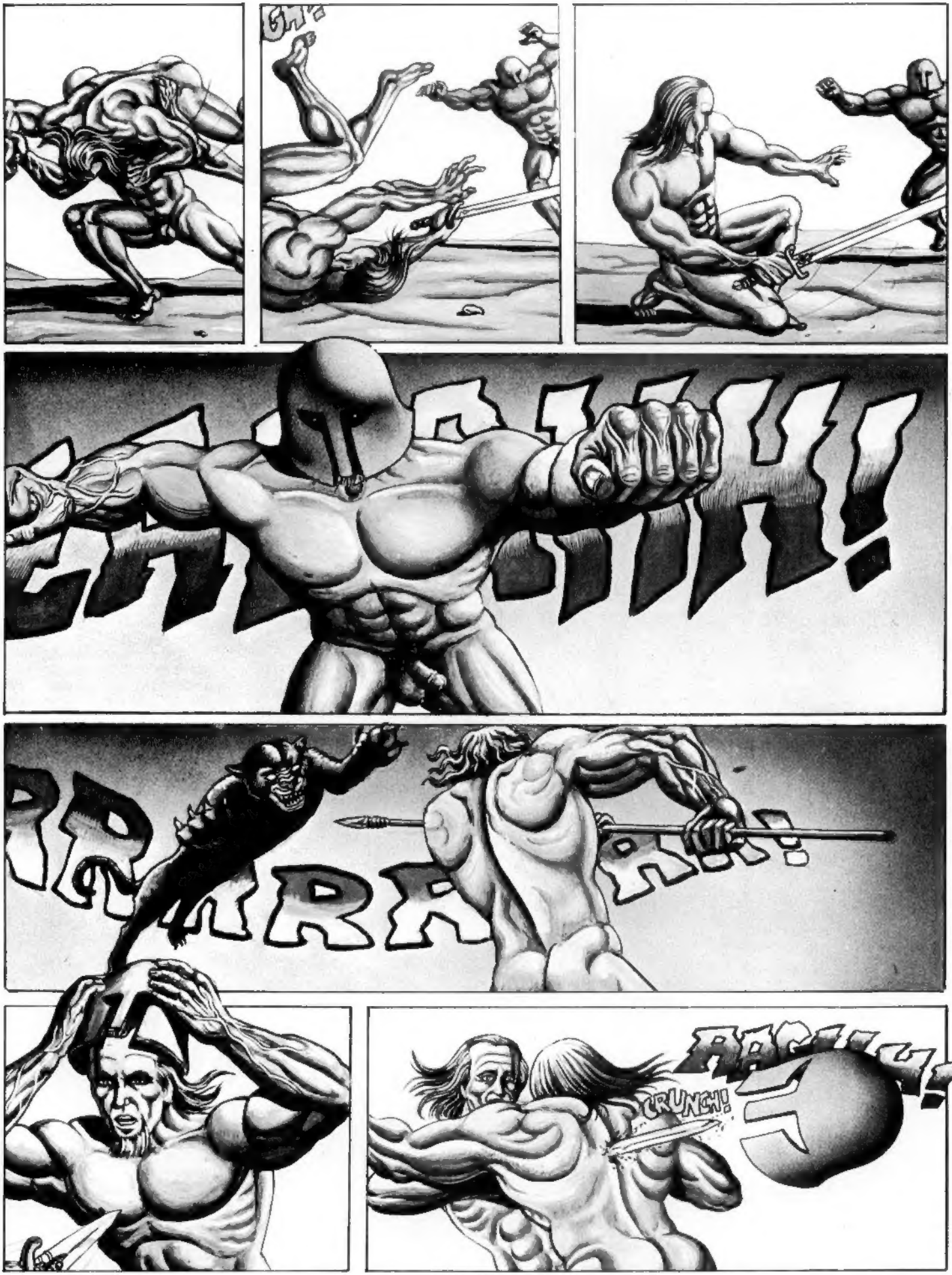

THERE'S A SORT OF MAGNETIC CURRENT! I'M BEING DRAWN TOWARD THE VESSEL!
EARTHMAN KELDRYC, THIS IS ORCYB SPEAKING! NOW THAT YOU ARE INSIDE, SURROUNDED BY METAL, I CAN MAKE KNOWN TO YOU THE GALACTIC MEANING OF YOUR SITUATION...
I, ORCYB, WAS BORN IN THE UNIVERSE'S WHERE THE ENERGIES OF ROBOT POWER GATHERED! THIS VESSEL, MADE OF THE MAGNETIC PARTICLES OF YOUR THOUGHT, HAS FOLLOWED YOU EVER SINCE YOU ENTERED THE PARALLEL PLANE ... FOR IT IS YOUR INNER DESIRE FOR POWER AND CONQUEST THAT HAS GIVEN ME THIS SHAPE
WHUUH
WEIGHT-LESSNESS! AAAHH! THESE SOUND WAVES... IT'S AWFUL!...
HHOOOOO
GREAT JUPITER! I CAN'T STAND THOSE VIBRATIONS!

I WAS YOUR SHADOW IN THE COSMOS UNTIL NOW! NOW THAT WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF THE INTERDIMENSIONAL UNIVERSE OF YAMMA, ONE OF US MUST BE DESTROYED!
YOU HAVE BEEN LED HERE FOR A COMBAT TO THE DEATH! HERE IS YOUR OPPONENT - YURKON, THE WARRIOR OF STEEL! IF YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM, YOU WILL BE FREE TO CONTINUE YOUR VOYAGE!
...A DUEL TO THE DEATH... BUT I AM UNARMED...
AAHH! THE BASTARD! HE HAS TELEKINETIC POWERS! I CAN'T LET HIM TRAP ME! I HAVE TO ESCAPE..
I'LL DIVERT ALL MY ENERGY TO MY REAR JET-PACK. IF I CAN MANAGE TO SYN-THESIZE A FORCE FIELD WITH MY EQUIPMENT, THEN ..
..THIS METAL MONSTER WILL NEVER GET ME! AH! THAT DOES IT!
CONTACT! NOW WE'LL MEET IN A COMBAT OF THOUGHT WAVES!

"AH! THE ENERGY FIELD IS SYNTHESIZED! NOW I MUST CONCENTRATE ALL MY PSYCHIC FORCES TO DEFLECT THE POWER OF THIS TITAN..."
KELDRYC IS IN DANGER! I MUST HELP HIM!
...ASTRYD... STAY IN CONTACT! THE MUSIC! THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES!
ALL THE CHANNELS OF THE SYNTHESIZER ARE SWITCHED ON SYNCHRONIZE YOUR RECEIVER TO ME .. FREQUENCY AZ-PX 256.4!
YEEEHH!
THUD!

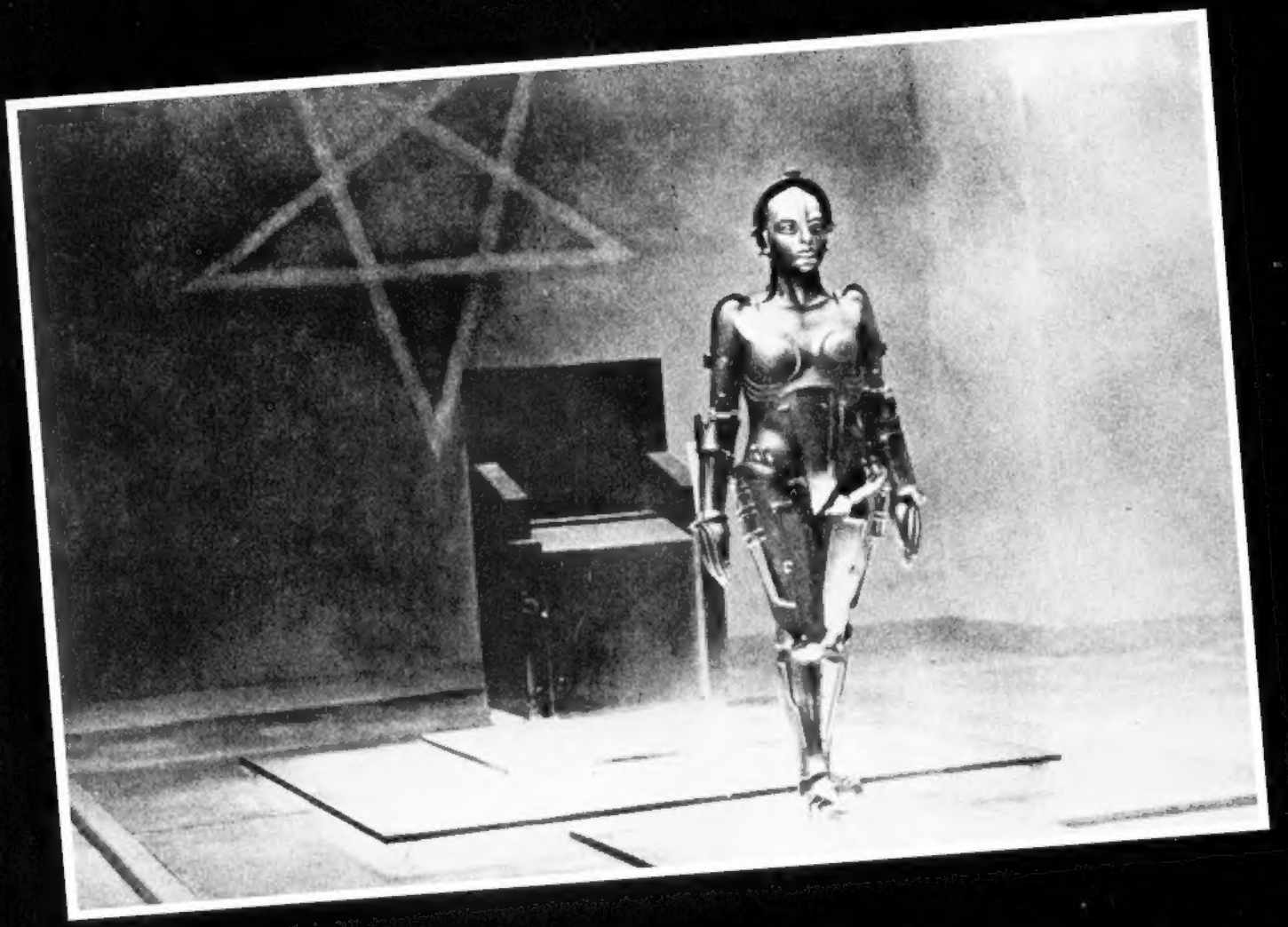
HIS CIRCUITS ARE VERY STRONG! IT'S TAKING ALL MY ENERGY JUST TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST HIS THOUGHT WAVES!
AH! ASTRYD HAS GOT THROUGH TO ME WITH THE MUSIC! IT'S HELPING ME TO COORDINATE MY THOUGHT WAVES. NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE AND CONTACT THE MIND OF THIS ROBOT...
HE IS DRIVEN BY IMPULSES OF AGGRESSION AND HATE...
POW!
...BUT THE MUSICAL VIBRATIONS HAVE GIVEN ME ENOUGH SPEED TO GET PAST HIS REFLEXES...
KIIA
"HIS STRENGTH AND HIS RESISTANCE ARE VERY GREAT... I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONCENTRATE MY PSYCHIC FORCES ON THIS LEVEL..."
CORTEX 12 HAS BEEN REACHED! I AM ASKOR 7, THE DIAMOND WARRIOR, NEUROLOGICAL CIRCUIT CODE 456 426!

HERE, KELDRYC, IS THE SWORD OF JUSTICE FROM THE AGES BEFORE YOURS!
WOOP!
TZOING!
AHH!


GH!
CRUNCH!

AAH
AH!
NOW YOU ARE FREE, KELDRYC! AND I MUST DISAPPEAR FOREVER!
...BUT... YOU...
COME ON, STOP DREAMING TO THE MUSIC! A NOVA IS BEGINNING TO EXPLODE IN THE SKY...
...YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN INSECT!
KELDRYC! CAN YOU HEAR ME, FINALLY?
THIS TRIP IS STARTING TO GET INTERESTING...
Fiore

# BE BOP deluxe



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